PIERIAN
1917

Mary Williams Ogborn
258 North 22nd Street
Richmond, Indiana 47374

Argus E. Ogborn
258 North 22nd Street
Richmond, Indiana 47374

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The Pierian

Richmond High School
Richmond, Indiana

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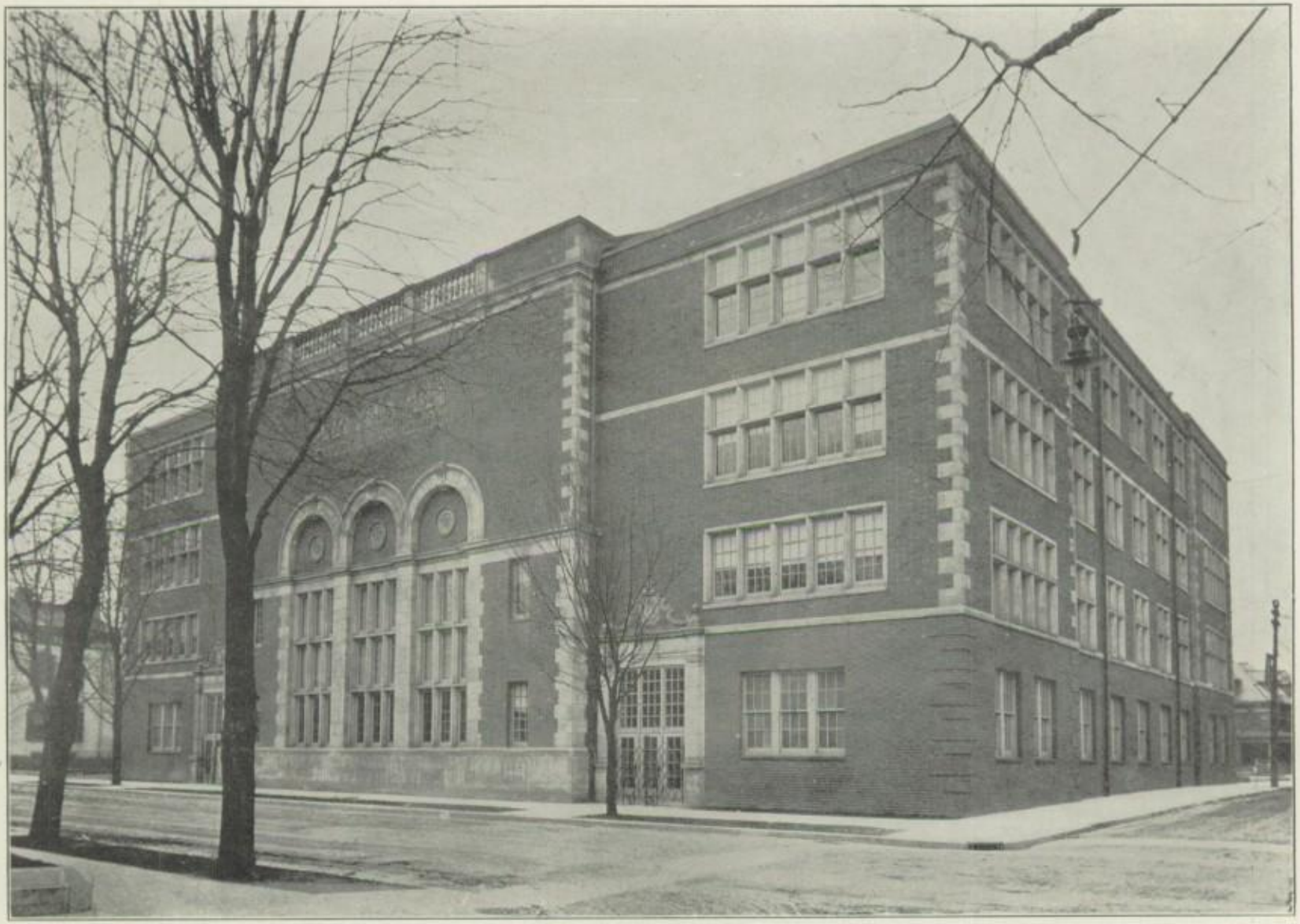

The Richmond High School

TO OUR FRIEND AND PRINCIPAL, MR. PICKELL, WHO ENTERED THE RICHMOND HIGH SCHOOL WITH US IN THE FALL OF NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTEEN, WE, THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED SEVENTEEN, RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS BOOK

RICH IND Pal-Item Wed 6-1-1977 P.8

1917 RHS class holds 8th reunion

The eighth reunion of the 1917 graduating class of Richmond High School was held Sunday evening at the Holiday Inn. After a social hour, pictures were taken and a buffet dinner served.

Letters from several classmates unable to attend were displayed.

The first class reunion was held in 1942 and has been held every five years since that time.

Those attending were:

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill F. (Isabell Ayres) Allison, Mrs. Hazel Cruse Wine, Mrs. David A. (Camilla Haner) Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin E. Howes, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Leiter, Mrs. Harry (Helen Ligon) Jenkins, Verlis A. Monroe.

Mrs. Kenneth E. (Mildred Nusbaum) Olson, Mr. and Mrs. Nile (Ruth Weidner) Patti, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wayne (Madalyn Randall) Misner, Mrs. Rheba Smith Dickinson, Edmund A. Sudhoff, Mrs. Morris (Margaret VanSant) Gay, Robert H. Watt and Mrs. Juanita Wickett Cox, all of Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe D. Meyer of Indianapolis, Mrs. Electa Foster Hawkins of Xenia, Ohio, and G. Oscar Morton of Union City.

Mrs. Amy Fitzpatrick Graffis, Clifford Noss, Mrs. Nellie Gregory Swisher and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond (Margaret Wilson) Puthoff, all of Dayton, Ohio.

Serving on the committee for the reunion were Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Patti, Nile A. Patti, Howes and Watt.

THIS BOOK IS A REFLECTION OF LIFE IN THE RICHMOND HIGH SCHOOL. WE HOPE IT WILL BE INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING TO THOSE WHO ARE TO CONTINUE WORK HERE, AND WILL BRING BACK SWEET REMEMBRANCES TO THOSE WHO HAVE LEFT OUR SCHOOL AND ARE TREADING THE BROADER PATHS OF LIFE.

THE EDITORS.

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Harvey Stidham.

Mildred Dyckman

Benj. F. Harris Jr.

Pierian Staff, 1917

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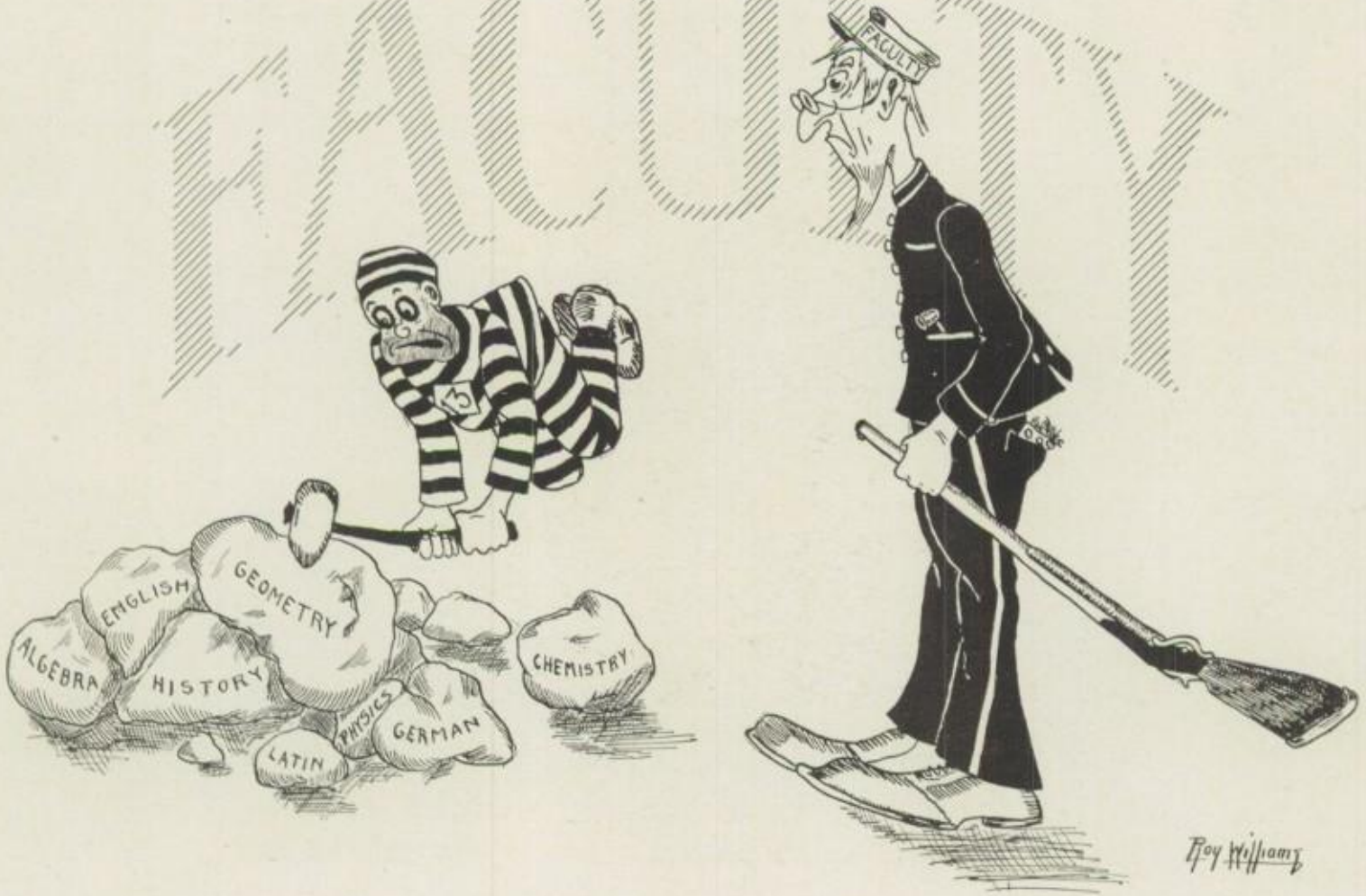
FACULTY
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Halt the march! A comrade's fallen!
Gently lift him from the ground.
Bring the shroud! The colors lower!
Let the muffled drum-beats sound.

Forward, march! How soon the summons
Calls us to the waiting strife!
But we're stronger, nobler, truer,
For the thought of one brave life.

In Memoriam

E. R. HELMAN

IT WAS my privilege and pleasure to have been associated with Mr. Helman, perhaps as long as any other, in the work of our high school. For more than six years we have worked side by side. Twice a day for that length of time I have seen him face to face, and on a day in last December, I saw him walk away never to return.

Knowing him thus, and having been thus so long with him, both in school and out; knowing and loving him as I did; knowing his worth in the school and in the community; will it be any wonder if what I may say in a few minutes sounds weak and empty? The life of a good man cannot be put into words, and his worth is quite beyond the limits of measure.

But were I to select one word which would indicate in a way his attitude toward his profession, it would be the word "Fidelity." He was in all things faithful. He was devoted to his work, and the time he gave to it was not confined to the school day. Before school, after school, Saturdays, and even

at night Mr. Helman might be found in Room 23 looking after the details of his work. In addition to the work in his own department he had other duties of a general nature, and to these he gave the same conscientious attention and care. Whatever he did he did well, and he was always cheerful, good humored, and willing.

Were I to select one trait in his character which was dominant among his many good traits, it would be "Charity for all." I never knew a man in whose life the Golden Rule was more conspicuous. In his every day life, he did unto others as he would that they should do unto him. He, therefore, always spoke well of his friends and of those with whom he was associated. I never heard him speak ill or urge a complaint against any one. It is a beautiful trait; it is a rare trait thus to be able to speak well of one's neighbors, friends and associates. Why not speak well of the living and to the living while they are with us, why wait until they are gone and do not care? Mr. Helman possessed this trait, and those of us who knew him well remember it with gratitude.

Among his pupils he possessed sufficient dignity to win their respect, and enough good fellowship to win their love. In the class room he was a skillful instructor, a wise counselor, a faithful, conscientious worker, and a clean, upright Christian gentleman.

It was my sad privilege to follow him to his grave. He was taken to a little church in the country, where his friends and neighbors, together with those nearer and dearer, gathered to see him for the last time. How affectionately they spoke of him, calling him by his boyhood name! It was an occasion of mourning, yet how beautiful it was! Gently he was carried by the strong arms of six stalwart boys, his pupils. Eloquent were the words spoken of his life, of his work, and of the man, and tears were shed by loving friends and relatives upon his coffin, and he was laid to rest by tender, loving hands. How beautiful it is when the end comes, as come it must to each and every one, to die the death of a good man! Thus is death robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory. Had this man lived out the allotted span of life, how could the end have been more beautiful than now?

We sometimes wonder why one who had reached the very prime of life, one who was so capable and useful and who was blessing his community with such good work, should thus be stricken down, and yet we do not wonder at the same phenomenon taking place every day around us amid other forms of life. The laws which govern all living things do not exempt human life. Why then should it be thought strange if the young, or the middle aged should die before they reach three score and ten?

In a little cemetery, a half mile from the church, they laid him away. The ground was frozen and covered white with snow. The trees in the near-by woods were bare and leafless, and their naked branches cut sharp, black lines against the winter sky. The scene was one of gloom and apparent death, and yet we know that within a few short weeks, the ground wherein he sleeps will be covered with flowers and the trees clad in living green, and we believe, therefore, that these our friends will, like the trees and flowers, some time come forth clad in the glory and beauty of immortality.

J. F. Thompson.

December 18, 1916.

In Memoriam

ELBERT REES

November 11, 1901—April 12, 1917.

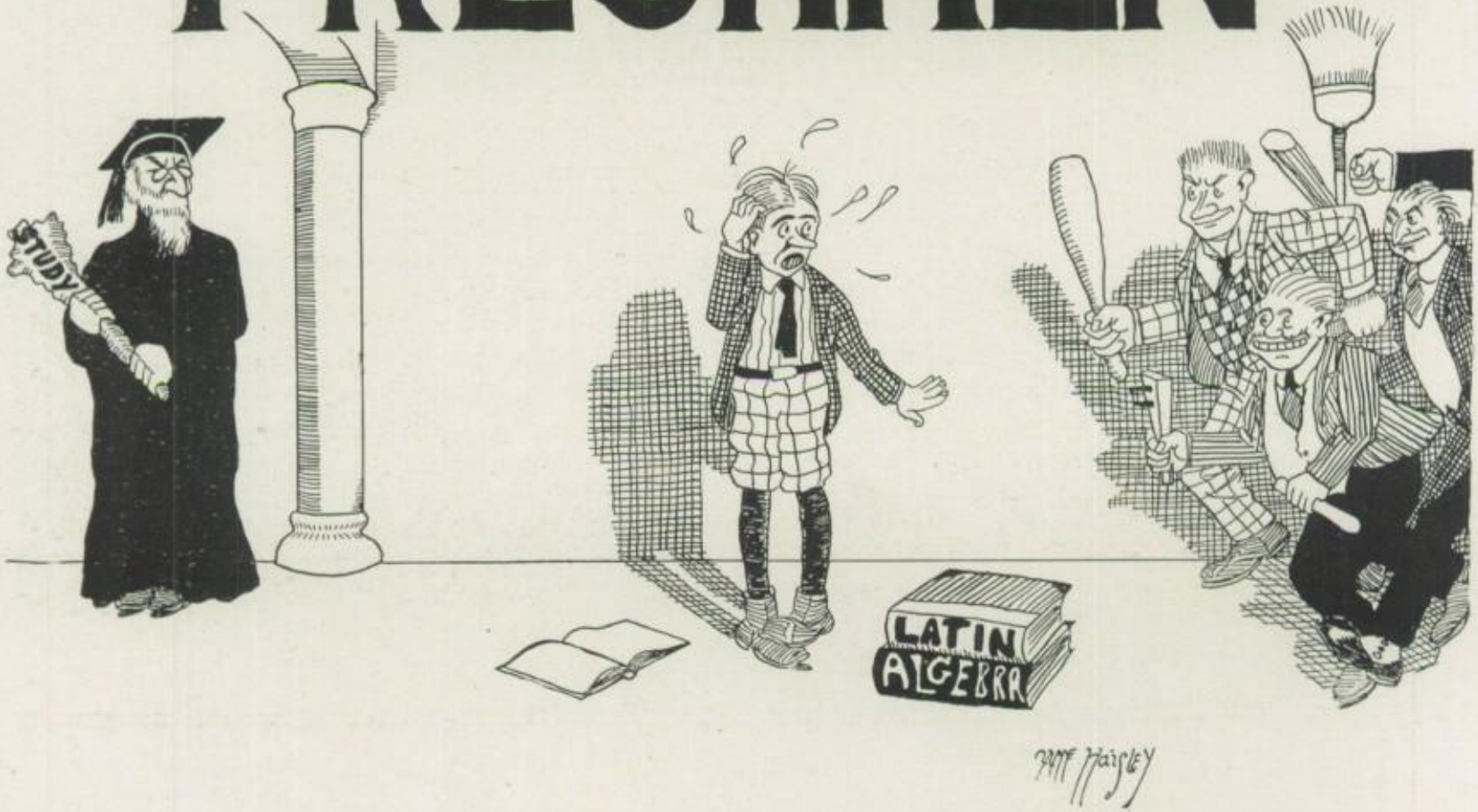
ONE whom we loved and esteemed has passed from among us, and we feel it indeed befitting to prepare some token of remembrance.

Elbert Rees was highly esteemed by all who knew him. By his close friends he was spoken of as an ideal boy. In school his teachers recognized him as a boy of ability and of character. The loss of his companionship is deeply felt by all of his associates, and although he is gone from us, the beauty and nobility of his life will never be forgotten.

We often wonder why one who is still in the bud of life must be taken away before he has had a chance to develop his abilities, and show the worth he might be to the world. Yet we know it was the Master's will, and in spite of our deep sorrow, we feel that it must be for the best.

Gurney Stidham.

FRESHMEN



THE CLASS OF 1920

The Class of 1920

ONE of the greatest things to a young person is the graduation from the grade school to the high school. In fact the class of 1920 is just getting over the spell of its graduation.

For about the first month there are many different phrases used in speaking to a "Freshie"; such as, "Hello, greenie"; "Did you go to the office and get your chapel seat assigned?"; "The elevator is on the north side in the corner."

Oh my, what humiliation we suffered when it became necessary to ask a question of a Sophomore or a person who had been here only one term. But after a month or so that wore away, and we were as much at home as anyone.

At first every Freshman girl can be told by her large red hair ribbon and red and white middy. Sometimes mistakes will happen. You might be able to say that to a Sophomore girl, and you will insult her. Probably she will say, "Gee-whiz, do I look like one of those Freshies? I'm above that baby age," and if you notice that same girl in the afternoon she will have another dress on.

We are now represented in the Dramatic Society, Writers' Club, Wireless Club, G. A. A., Orchestra, Band, Drum Corps, and we are as active as any other class (considering our knowledge). Our class is the largest that has ever entered the Richmond High School. We are planning to make a record that has never been made both in grades and conduct. Next year we are expecting to be represented in track and basket-ball, at least we have the material. So here's to the class of 1920.

FLOYD NUSBAUM, '20.

SOPHOMORES

THE CLASS OF 1919

The Class of 1919

THE advance agent for the Freshie is the illustrious Sophomore. He goeth before and prepareth the way for his successor. On account of his wisdom and his long years of experience, the Sophomore is usually regarded as the best in school. Still this must be proved to the skeptical.

Firstly, the Sophomore does everything within his power to help the Freshie become acquainted with Richmond High School. If the Freshie is in doubt concerning any matter whatsoever, he is immediately made certain by asking the Sophomore. Thus, the Freshie is saved much embarrassment that would occur later, by being informed by the Sophomore to have his chapel seat reserved early. Again, when he wishes to know the location of any room, he is instantly enlightened by the courteous Sophomore.

Then again, the Sophomore's intellectual qualities cannot be questioned. Anyone inclined to disbelieve the above statement need only look on the honor roll to be convinced that it is the naked truth.

The Sophomore is neither beginning nor finishing his high school career. He is not half way, but he has a good start. He simply knows where he is going and is on his way.

EUGENE MURRAY, '19.

JUNIORS
1 YEAR TO SENIOR
GEOMETRY
HISTORY
GERMAN
ALGEBRA
LATIN
ENGLISH
CHEMISTRY

The Class of 1918

The Class of 1918

SINCE the year 1914 we, the '18's, have been represented in the R. H. S. Annual. True, the first year, our infant minds over-estimated their own worth, but we received the usual set-backs from our "elders."

By the second year, we had reached the "callow youth" stage, when we were seemingly uninterested in everything, bored with life in general, and particularly with the incoming Freshmen.

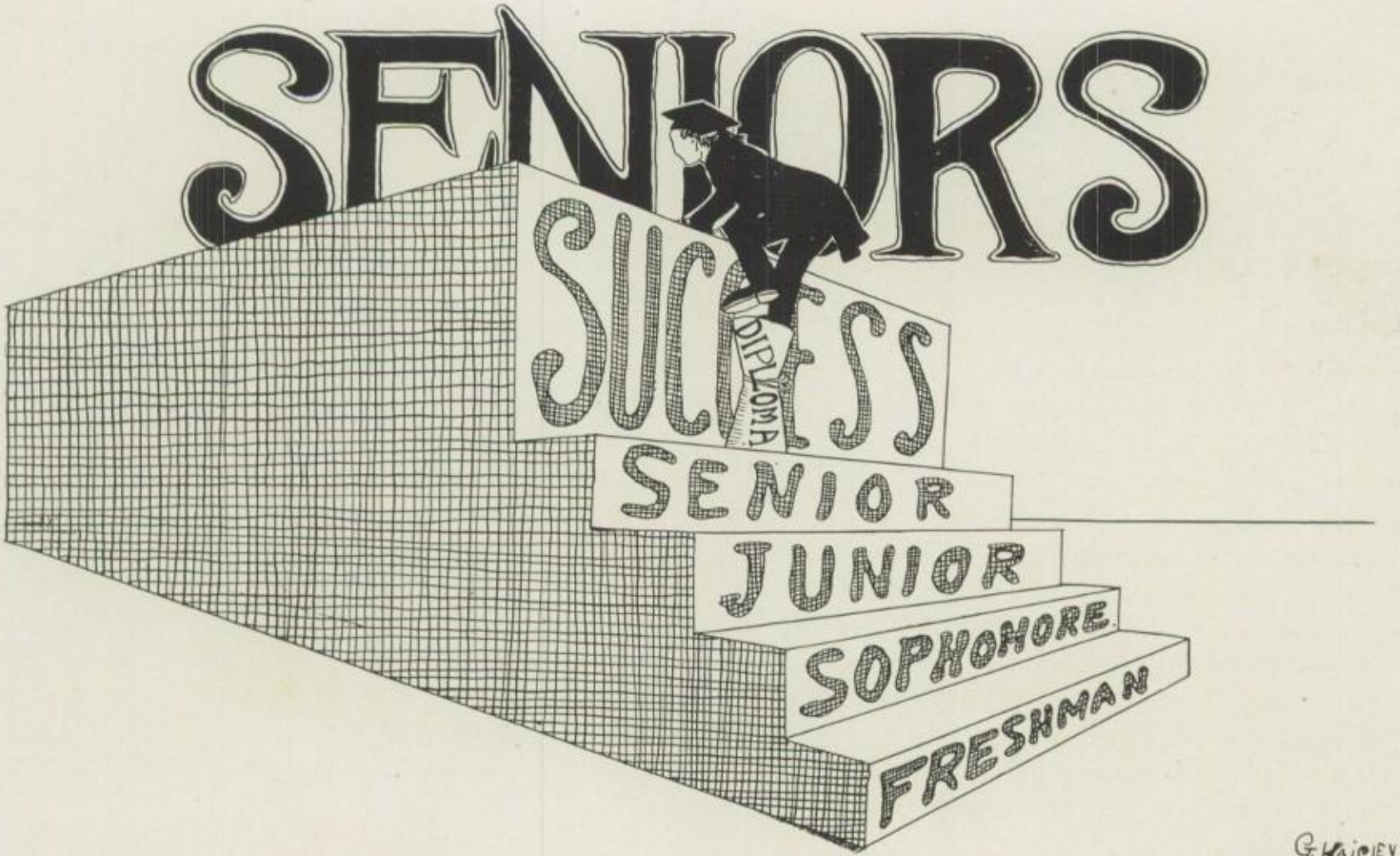
But now we have become the "rising generation" of this great institution—Richmond High School. We make up a class of broad-minded young men and women. Among us, we have many brave boys, who have risked life and limb to see the '18 colors floating from on high. One of us is an accomplished band director, having received training from Sousa(?). Some of our young women (not all) are ardent suffragists, and some are Red Cross nurses.

Quite a number of the noble sons of the Junior class have adopted uniforms. When they are first seen from a distance by strangers, the question arises as to whether they are a reserve force of firemen or a "select society of Hoboes"; however, on closer inspection, their real importance is recognized.

We take part in all activities, the president of the G. A. A. being a Junior, as is also one member of the debating team. As for athletics, four members of the district championship basket-ball squad are Juniors.

So, summing up all of these distinguishing points, we are hereby convinced that the '18 class is a very worth-while and estimable part of R. H. S.

VIVIAN HARDING, '18


SENIORS
SUCCESS
DIPLOMA
SENIOR
JUNIOR
SOPHOMORE
FRESHMAN

The Class of 1917

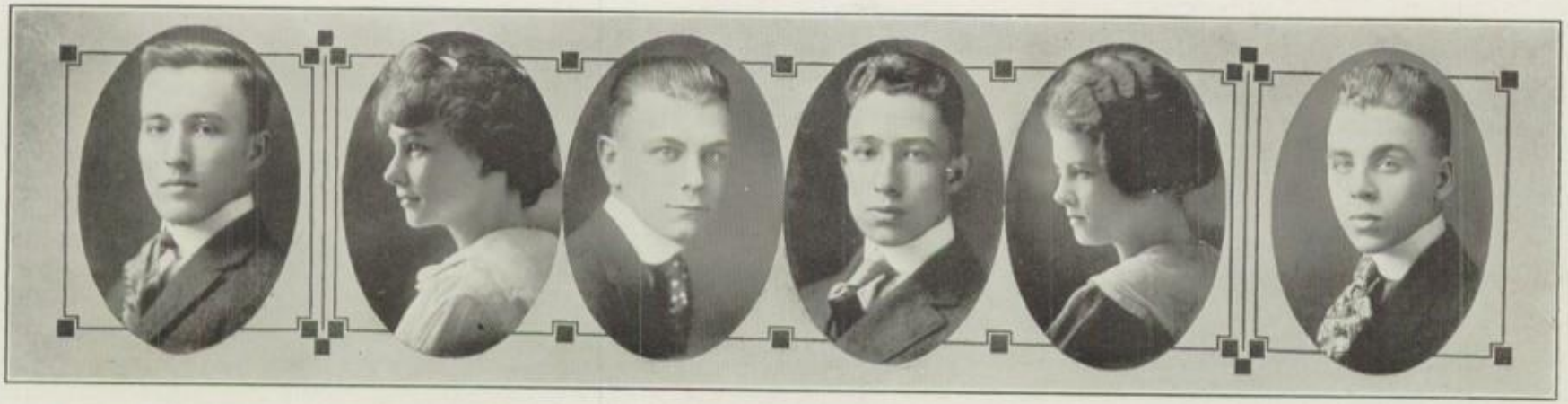
IT is interesting to Senior classes to dwell upon the events and activities of the past four years. We, the Seniors of 1917, are especially interested in this sort of reminiscence, because the career of our class has been one of which we may well be proud. The class of '17 has had able representatives in every branch of school activity. It has stood for the highest ideals of the school.

But now, interesting as it may be, we would not turn solely to the past; for a vision of the possibilities of the future, of our place in the scheme of things, is beginning to be revealed to us. Although as yet vague and indefinite, there lies before us a possible period of more highly expanded powers, and of greater service to others. What relation does our High School life bear to that period?

It is in this institution that we, for four years, have been laying the foundation for that time which is now so near at hand. Almost unconsciously we have received, during these years of daily contact with our teachers and schoolmates, impressions of inestimable value; impressions which have helped mould our characters and have instilled in us a desire for greater things. Almost unconsciously we have absorbed those principles which rule the well-governed life, in school and out.

These influences may now lie dormant in our minds, or if regarded at all, be considered secondary matters. In after years, however, when the pleasures and activities of High School life have given place to the larger interests, we can look back, unprejudiced, and determine the value of the years spent here. It is then that we shall realize that we have here acquired a standard by which our actions may be measured; that because of a firm foundation, a more perfect structure has been possible.

HELEN LIGON.



RUSSELL PARKER—Academic.

President, Senior Class; Basket-ball, '16; Captain, '17.

"Bus" is a star at athletics and heart-breaking. Girls, beware of his smile.

MARGARET VANSANT—Academic.

Secretary, Senior Class; Writers' Club; Pedestrian Club; Board of Control, '16; "Vestal Virgins"; Pierian, '17.

Young, merry, happy, and "Gay," nothing in life to do but play.

HAROLD NORRIS—Industrial Arts.

Vice-President, Senior Class; Vice-President, Dramatic Society, '17; Yell Leader, '17; President, A. A., '17; President, Hi-Y Club, '17; Pierian, '17; Cynosure, '16.

"Hobe's" "Haw-haw" reminds us of—"Cheerily then, my little man, live and laugh as only you can."

TALBERT JESSUP—Industrial Arts.

Treasurer, Senior Class; Shakespearean Pageant; Junior Commercial Club; Drum Corps, '15; Pierian Staff, '16, '17; Register Staff, '17; Basket-ball, '16, '17; Gym Team, '16, '17; Track, '15, '16, 17; Asst. Coach, '17; Swimming Team, '17; Hi-Y Club; Senior Play.

"Tob" is a second Geo. Washington. He is interested in military tactics, never tells lies (??), and even has his Martha.

WILHEMINE BOGGS—Commercial.

Eyes to the front, Billy. We know your failing.

CARL BRADY—Commercial.

Carl has so many nick-names that none could be used. He was never known to have a worry.

ISABELL AYERS—Commercial.

G. A. A.

Isabell has not created much fuss, but she is a loyal member and a credit to our class.

PAUL BROWER—Academic.

President, Wireless Club, '17; Orchestra, '14, '15; Pierian Staff, '17; Messiah Orchestra.

Seventeen's camera shark and wireless fiend. Brower has done his bit to keep Seventeen on the map.

MARGARET BEASLEY—Academic.

Although Margaret looks on the sunny side of life, "Hale" is often seen around her.

JUANITA BLOOM—Commercial.

In springtime Juanita's thoughts are on "Sweet Williams," and it's always spring with her.

ROBERT BRUMLEY—Commercial.

Track, '16, '17.

We wonder if Bob has ever read "V. V.'s Eyes." Perhaps he has personal experience to back it up.

ELEANOR BLY—Academic.

Eleanor is a German shark, although she is true blue American.

STELLA BAKER—Commercial.

G. A. A.; Dramatic Society; Pedestrian Club.

One would imagine from the amount of red Stella wears that she was a dangerous girl.

HERBERT BULACH—Industrial Arts.

Basket-ball, '17; Pierian Staff, '17.

Another one of those men so much admired by the frequenters of the south side of the Coliseum.

NEVA BOWMAN—Academic.

Orchestra, '14, '15, '16, '17; Vice-President, G. A. A., '16; Vice-President, Pedestrian Club, '16; Pierian Staff, '15.

Neva loves the hills and "Dales."

PHYLLIS BUTLER—Academic.

President, G. A. A., '15; Pedestrian Club; Vice-President, Dramatic Society, '15; Secretary, Junior Class; Basket-ball, '15, '17; "Rosemary"; "Betty Wales Girls and Mr. Kidd."

Sporty Phil and her red-haired friend are believed to be in the midst of a most enthralling case.

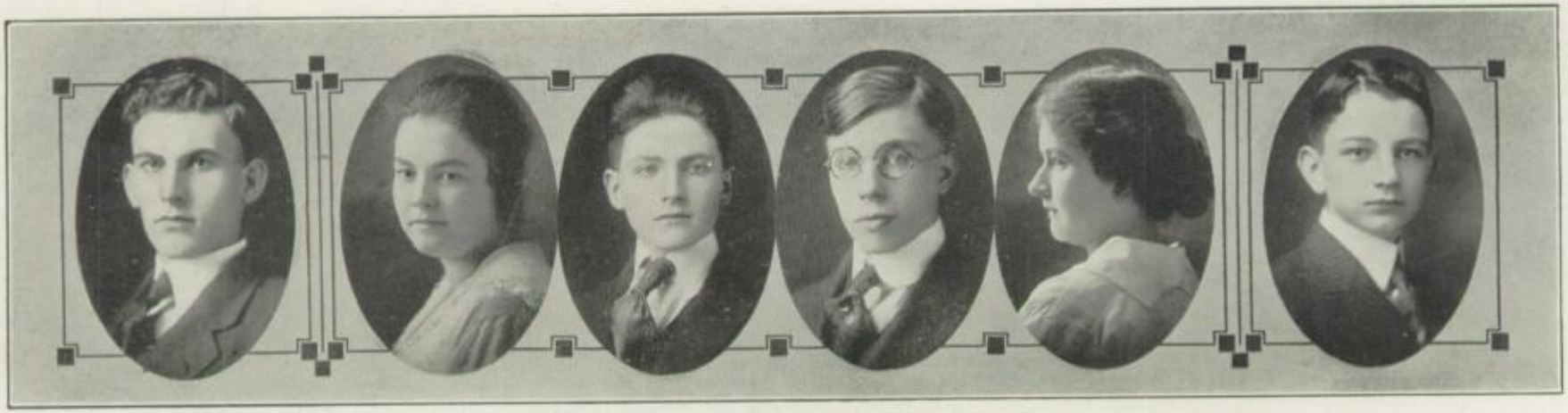
JOHN BURRIS—Commercial.

Pierian Staff, '17.

"Chonny" and his Ford give the cops many a worry.

AGNES CAIN—Academic.

"The little blonde," although only with us one year, has made a very favorable impression.



ORLANDO CORYELL—Academic.

"Curly" has one great mark of distinction—Latin for him is easy and he likes it.

ELIZABETH CHRISMAN—Commercial.

Orchestra, '14, '15, '16; G. A. A.

Elizabeth prefers a Draver for a driver.

CLARENCE COYLE—Commercial.

Clarence's ability for work is only surpassed by his love for the ladies.

KENNETH DAVIS—Academic.

Track, '15, '16, '17.

Kenneth is a preacher's son, always happy and full of fun.

LENORE COOK—Academic.

Junior Vaudeville.

"A countenance in which did meet, sweet records, and promises as sweet."

NOEL DEEM—Commercial.

Orchestra; Hi-Y Club.

The girls "Deem" Noel and his machine worth trying for.

PAULINE COOK—Academic.

Pauline is only waiting to graduate so she can have a chicken farm—plus the farmer.

HAROLD DILKS—Industrial Arts.

"Dilksie" is the altitude of the Senior Class.

HAZEL CRUSE—Commercial.

Hazel is very fond of music, especially "Birdies."

ANNA DAFLER—Academic.

Secretary Pedestrian Club, '17.

We are proud to have a quiet, dignified girl like Anna in our class.

ROLAND DOLLINS—Academic.

Basket-ball, '16, '17; Track, '14, '15, '16, '17; Gym Team, '16, '17; Glee Club, 16; Pierian Staff, '16.

Roland is kept busy answering letters as a result of his basket-ball trips. Keep it up; we're for you, "Dollie."

FAYE DEBECK—Academic.

Faye has been with us only a short time, but she has surely made good.

EDITH DECKER—Commercial.

Pedestrian Club; G. A. A.; Baseball, '14; Basket-ball, '15, '16.

Edith "Deems" it necessary to have a good time.

GARWOOD GRIMES—Industrial Arts.

Baseball, '13; Basket-ball, '17.

"Red" helped us win the tournament, and he is considering going to "Butler."

NINA EDMUNDSON—Commercial.

Treasurer, G. A. A. '16; Baseball, '16, '17; Basket-ball, '16, '17; Pierian Staff, '17.

Although not a member of the Pedestrian Club, Nina enjoys frequent walks to the hospital.

MARJORIE ERK—Commercial.

G. A. A.

Although Marjorie is the smallest member of the class, she is by no means the least.

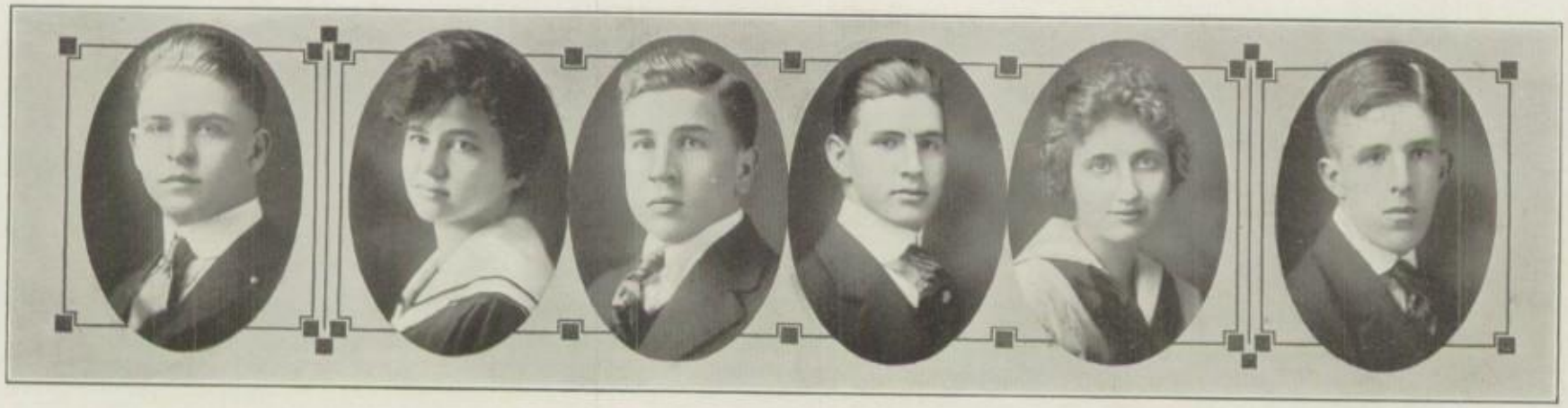
WILBURN HIPPARD—Commercial.

Glee Club, '16.

Does anyone remember when Wib was shy and backward? At least we can't say that about him now.

JUANITA DUKE—Commercial

One of our three Juanitas. This one has a leaning country-ward; that is, "Hay-ward."



BENJAMIN HARRIS—Academic.

Orchestra, '14, '15, '16; Hi-Y Club; Junior Vaudeville; Writers' Club; Senior Play; Commencement Oration; Business Manager, Pierian, '17.

Ben is some debater and "Fosters" the idea of becoming a lawyer.

ELECTA FOSTER—Academic.

Pedestrian Club; Secretary Writers' Club, '17; Pierian Staff, '16, '17.

With Electa the sun rises and sets by her Big "Ben."

DAVID HOOVER—Commercial.

"Cow" Hoover is a good old sport, even if he does weigh more to the cubic inch than any other fellow in the class.

BENJAMIN HOWES—Industrial Arts.

Orchestra, '14, '15, '16, '17.

"Oh, Ben! 'Howes' Irene?"

EMMA FETTA—Academic.

Dramatic Society; Writers' Club, '17; Orchestra; Pierian Staff, '17.

Talk about prohibitionists, Emma believes in even softening water.

RUSSELL HUNT—Commercial.

"Russ" believes that in school one should study only.

AMY FITZPATRICK—Industrial Arts.

Basket-ball, '13, '14, '15; Baseball, '14; Junior Vaudeville; Pedestrian Club; Secretary, G. A. A., '17; "Rosemary"; "Six Times Nine"; "Breezy Point."

"Fitz" was a "scream" in all of the plays, and will be remembered by her everlasting good humor.

WHITNEY KEMPTON—Academic.

The girls all think a lot of Whitney and his big brown car.

LILLIAN GENN—Commercial.

Mr. Sloane will never a-Genn have a secretary like Lillian.

CLARA GETZ—Academic.

Orchestra; G. A. A.; Pedestrian Club.

Clara says that she bets she "Getz" Bill yet.

WILLIAM KEYS—Academic.

Dramatic Society; Forensic Club; Orchestra; Board of Control, '15; Gym Team; Tennis Team.

You can bluff some people some of the time, but you can't bluff everybody all the time.

HELEN FOX—Commercial.

Helen has a "Creed" all her own.

NELLIE GREGORY—Commercial.

"One heart's enough for me, one heart to love, adore;
One heart's enough for me, O who could wish for more?"

WILLARD LEBO—Industrial Arts.

Orchestra, '15, '16, '17; Band, '16.

Bill was very much disappointed when the orchestra did not go to Cincinnati, for he was to go on to Kentucky. Who is she, Bill?

FLORENCE GUNN—Academic.

Pedestrian Club.

Florence is always in for a good time, but somewhere and somehow she finds time to study, as her grades show.

HELEN HADLEY—Academic.

Orchestra, '15, '16, '17; Junior Class Treasurer; Dramatic Society, '15, '16, '17; Junior Vaudeville.

Helen, our orchestra pianist, can now be heard on Starr records.

LESTER LEITER—Industrial Arts.

Track, '14, '15, '16; Pierian Staff, '17; Dramatic Society, '17; Senior Play.

Lester bravely climbed out on the wire, and saved the Seniors from disaster dire.

BLANCHE HAMPTON—Academic.

Dramatic Society; Pedestrian Club; Pierian Staff, '17; "Breezy Point."

"Hamp" is in the midst of all the activities of the school.

HAROLD KRICK—Academic.

Editor Register, '17; President, Junior Class; Pierian Staff, '16, '17; Dramatic Society, '16; Secretary Wireless Club, '16; Junior Commercial Club; Hi-Y Club; Drum Corps, '17; Junior Vaudeville; Shakespearean Pageant; Senior Play.

Harold is kept so busy boosting the various activities of the school that he has little time for dates.

CAMILLA HANER—Academic.

Orchestra; Dramatic Society, '14, '15; Pedestrian Club; Basket-ball, '14; "Rosemary"; "The Mouse Trap"; Senior Play.

"Haner" took part in all the school activities, and was a big stock-holder in the team.

RALPH LAMB—Commercial.

Orchestra; Messiah Orchestra; Pierian Staff, '17.

A certain brown-eyed little girl thinks Ralph a "Lamb" in the literal sense.

ROBERT LONGMAN—Industrial Arts.

Orchestra, '13-'17; Hi-Y Club; Band, '17.

Bob should be glad he isn't a girl and doesn't have to change his name for one less fitting.

CORA HARRIS—Commercial.

Pedestrian Club; Dramatic Society; Junior Vaudeville.

When we see Cora, we think of Aiken.

GEORGE MENDENHALL—Industrial Arts.

George appears to be solemn, quiet, and wise, but when he is with the ladies it seems that his solemnness is all a disguise.

MILDRED HARTMAN—Academic.

Orchestra, '14, '15, '16; G. A. A.; Pedestrian Club; Basket-ball, '16; Dramatic Society, '15, '16; "Six Times Nine."

"Sally" was a good lead in the love stories of amateur dramatics, and is noted for her serious cases.

GLENN MENKE—Commercial.

Glenn says he cares not for girls, but we say actions speak louder than words.

NELLIE HAWKINS—Academic.

Basket-ball; Pedestrian Club; "Breezy Point."

Nellie's always catching someone with those big blue eyes.

DOROTHY HENNING—Academic.

G. A. A. Scout; Dramatic Society; Basket-ball; Baseball; "Neighbors."

"Dot" has not made much fuss, but there's a reason. She is a charter member of the matrimonial club.

BRADFORD MEYER—Academic.

Hi-Y Club; Senior Play.

Since "Brad's" participation in the "Melting Pot," we believe he has the making of a great actor.

MARY HILL—Academic.

Pedestrian Club.

Mary's been with us only a year, yet all our class deem her a dear.

INEZ HOUGH—Academic.

G. A. A.; Basket-ball, '14, '16; Baseball, '16; Orchestra, '14, '15, '16, '17.

As a general rule, we never think of a drum and a violin as being a good combination, but Inez thinks differently.

ROSCOE MEYER—Industrial Arts.

Register Staff, '17; Baseball, '16.

"Boscoe" is a bear with the ladies. He sees "Red" regularly in the halls.

ELIZABETH HUNT—Commercial.

G. A. A.; Pedestrian Club.

Elizabeth is always modest and silent, and never "Hunts" trouble.

RUTH JARRET—Commercial.

With Ruth, "Silence is golden."

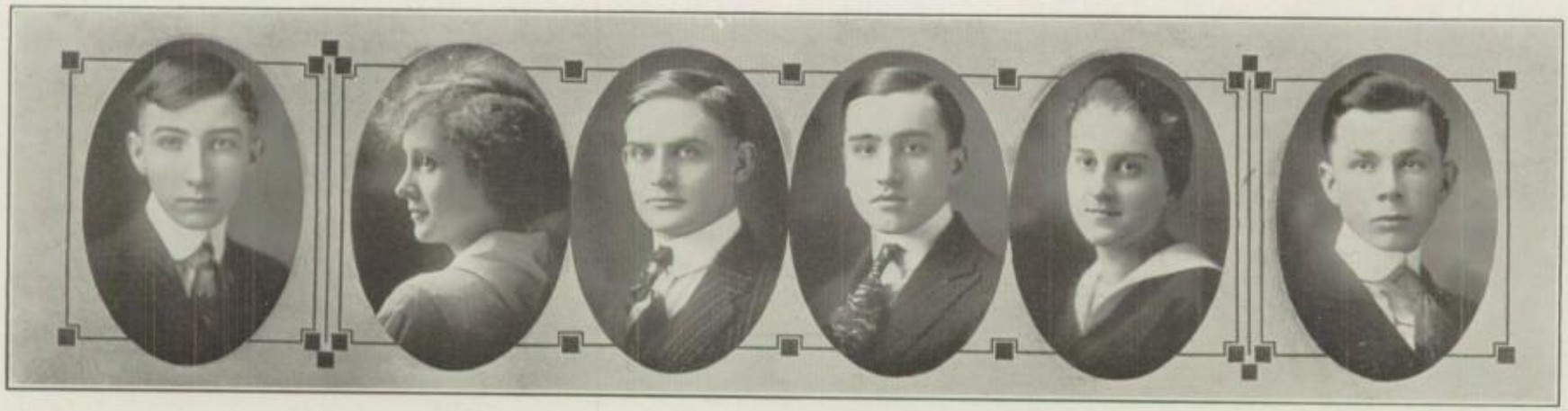
EARL MITCHELL—Commercial.

Earl is very much smitten on the ladies??

HELEN JOHNSON—Academic.

Junior Vaudeville; Dramatic Society; G. A. A.; Pierian, '16, '17; Red Cross Society; "Vestal Virgins"; "Neighbors."

"Ducky" has had several affairs of the heart, but who could help himself?



Albert Mobley—Commercial.

Albert intends to be an expert accountant, and he is certainly progressing rapidly in that direction.

Muriel Kirkman—Academic.

She who knows most, grieves most for wasted time.

Verlis Monroe—Commercial.

Hi-Y Club; Second Team, '17.

"Stew" is one of our gentle (?) basket-ball players. His gentleness was appreciated at Lewisburg.

Oscar Morton—Academic.

Drum Corps, '17.

Oscar is always in the lime light, and loves the ladies.

Marguerite Lemen—Academic.

Lemen helped push the Senior girls' basket-ball team forward. She was the "fruit" of the team.

Russell Neff—Academic.

"Russ" is one of the big men of the school. His chief aim is to miss the top of the door as he passes out.

HELEN LIGON—Academic.

Forensic Club; Dramatic Society; Writers' Club; Pierian Staff, '16, '17; Red Cross Society; Commencement Oration; Vice-President Senior Class.

Too young for love? Ah! say not so! Too young? Too young? Ah! no! no! no!

CLIFFORD NOSS—Commercial.

"Cliff" is our typewriting champ. He has already secured a responsible position in the city.

BERNICE LITTLE—Academic.

Timid and quiet is our Bernice, she never stoops to prank or caprice.

EDITH LONG—Commercial.

Edith has put one "Rhea" of light in her life, but it is bright enough to cheer her way.

DALE OWENS—Commercial.

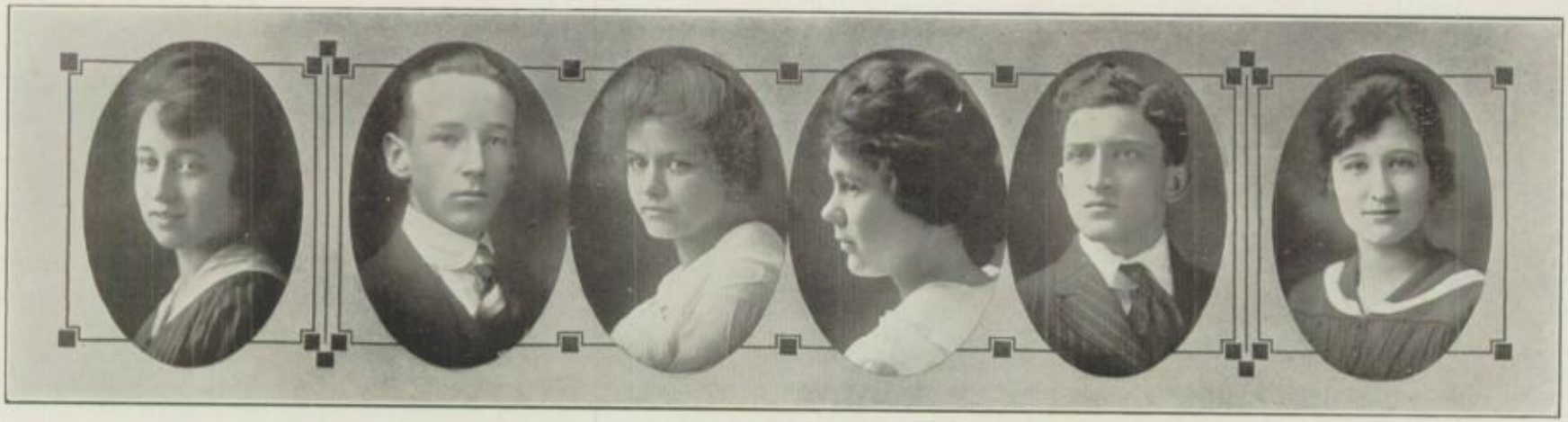
Orchestra, '14, '15, C. M., '16, '17; Pierian, '16; Vice-President Junior Class; Cynosure, '15.

Dale's chief occupation is capturing hearts with his fiddle and eyes, and ditching school in his Ford.

LOUISE MATHER—Academic.

Dramatic Society, '15, '16, '17; Pierian Staff, '14, '17.

Louise has been sowing "Cede" for some time, and will probably reap her harvest on a farm near Danville.



MILDRED NUSBAUM—Academic.

Dramatic Society, '14, '16, '17; G. A. A.; Writers' Club; Cynosure Staff, '16; Asst. Editor, Pierian, '17; "Neighbors"; Senior Play.

Mildred's sole desire is to eat Parkerhouse rolls and paint pictures.

NILE PATTI—Commercial.

Drum Corps, '16, '17.

"Pat" leads the noise organization of the school. We expect to hear a big noise from him when he gets out in life.

FLORENCE MCMAHAN—Academic.

G. A. A.; Orchestra; Writers' Club; Dramatic Society; Pedestrian Club; "Mouse Trap."

"Flossie" is a jolly girl who doesn't care a rap for High School boys.

FLORA PARKS—Commercial.

G. A. A.; Pedestrian Club.

The modest little girl with the big brown eyes.

ROBERT PRICE—Commercial.

"Bob" is one of our hard-working students. He will undoubtedly make his mark in the world.

GERTRUDE PETERING—Academic.

Gertrude is a charter member of the Anti-Noise Association.

HAROLD SAURER—Industrial Arts.

"Wouldn't-have-a-date" Saurersie is one of Nohr's real finds for this year's track team.

VERA PFAFFLIN—Commercial.

Pierian Staff, '17; Secretary, G. A. A.; Secretary, R. H. S. A. A.; Dramatic Society; Baseball, '15; Basket-ball, '16; President of the Pedestrian Club, '17; "Breezy Point."

Wasn't Vera some French maid in "Breezy Point" though?

RAYMOND SCHNEIDER—Commercial.

Priscilla said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" But Dot will never have to speak like that to "Pete."

NELSON SINEX—Industrial Arts.

We wondered why Nelson ordered three Pierians.

MADALYN RANDALL—Commercial

Dramatic Society; Writers' Club.

"I'll grapple with the facts of life, and never mind how hard they seem, for always a part of me can stay, alone and happy in my dream."

CARLETON SMITH—Academic.

Pierian, '17; Dramatic Society, '17; Baseball, '15; Tennis, '16, '17; Track Team, '16, '17.

This young fellow with the Mozart hair, begged us not to use his nickname, which is ———, but we won't tell. We would do almost anything to oblige, because he is as fine a fellow as is made.

META RANKIN—Commercial.

G. A. A.; Basket-ball, 15, '16; Baseball, '16; Pedestrian Club, '17; "Breezy Point."

As "Mehitable Doolittle" in "Breezy Point," Meta will never be forgotten.

HOWARD SWISHER—Commercial.

Orchestra, '13, '14, '15; Messiah Orchestra.

If you need any information on married life, just ask "Swish."

HELEN RETHMEYER—Academic.

Orchestra, '14, '15, '16, '17; G. A. A. Scout, 17.

After her high school career, "Shrimp" intends to become a "Porter."

ELSIE UPDIKE—Academic.

Basket-ball, '14, '15.

Elsie has acquired quite a reputation in speaking. An extract from her most famous speech is, "Give me Liberty, or give me death."

RAYMOND SMITH—Industrial Arts.

Register, '17; Hi-Y Club; Track, '17.

Algebra to Trig, pulls down A's straight through, and does it with nary a bit of bluff.

JUNE ROBINSON—Academic.

G. A. A. Scout, '16; "Vestal Virgins"; Junior Vaudeville; Shakespearean Pageant, '16; Cynosure, '16; Register, '17; Pierian, '17; Dramatic Society, '17; Writers' Club; President Red Cross Society; "Neighbors"; Senior Play.

June, besides being the best solo dancer in school, is the most sociable, agreeable, unaffected girl in our class.

EVELYN SHOEMAKER—Commercial.

Basket-ball.

Evelyn doesn't intend to take up the profession her name implies.

PAUL STEEN—Commercial.

Orchestra, '13, '14, '15; Glee Club, '16;

Funny wasn't it? Made me laugh. I'm too modest, I am by half. Made me laugh's though I should split. Can't a fellah like a fellah's own wit?

RHEBA SMITH—Commercial.

"An investment in knowledge always pays well."

ELIZABETH TARKLESON—Academic.

G. A. A., '14, '15, '16; Dramatic Society, '15, '16, '17; Junior Vaudeville; Red Cross, '17; "Neighbors."

Elizabeth may become dignified some day, but a teacher of dietetics,—never.

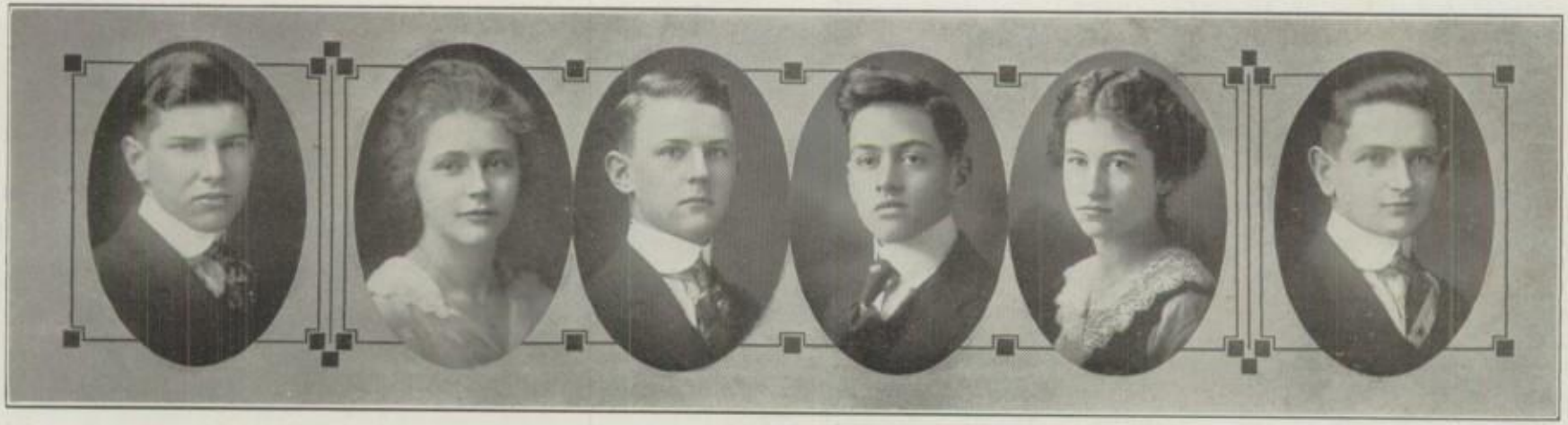
MURRAY SNIVELEY—Industrial Arts.

Hi-Y Club; Dramatic Society; Wireless Club; Register Staff; Drum Corps.

News item—Young man seriously wounded by a young ruffian who claims he is Cupid. Experts declare wound fatal. Too bad, Murray, old top, too bad.

JUNE ROSS—Academic.

Surely June's middle name is work.



WARREN STIMSON—Academic.

Track, '17.

Warren has jumped his way into our high favor.

RUTH WEIDNER—Commercial.

G. A. A.

Ruth is a lover of rivers, especially the Nile.

EDMUND A. SUDHOFF—Industrial Arts.

Dramatic Society, '17; Wireless Club, '15, '16, '17.

Edmund's eye is on Annapolis. Here's to his success.

JULIUS TIETZ—Academic.

Forensic Club, '15, '16, '17; Dramatic Society, '15, '16, '17; "Spreading the News"; Neighbors"; Debating Team, '16, '17; Hi-Y Club; State Discussion Contest, '17; Cynosure, '16; Pierian, '17.

Julius is our "talker", but nevertheless he's very shy of the girls.

THELMA ROBINSON—Academic.

Basket-ball, '15, '16; Pierian, '16, '17.

It has been said that Thelma would rather study than eat, and we believe it.

GURNEY STIDHAM—Academic.

Writers' Club; Forensic Club; Shakespearean Pageant; Dramatic Society; Junior Vaudeville; "Neighbors"; President, Board of Control, '17; Pierian Staff, '16; Editor-in-Chief, '17.

"Stiddie" sees "Red" very often; but, kind reader, don't get a wrong impression, for he is a very peaceable fellow.

THELMA SCHILLINGER—Academic.

Thelma is quite contented when occupying her "Land," or reading "Horatius" at the bridge.

META WEYMAN—Commercial.

Meta's greatest anxiety is that she may become an old maid and die happy.

ROBERT WATT—Commercial

"It is certain that I am loved by all the ladies."

ROLAND WREDE—Commercial.

Roland is always "Wrede" for hard work.

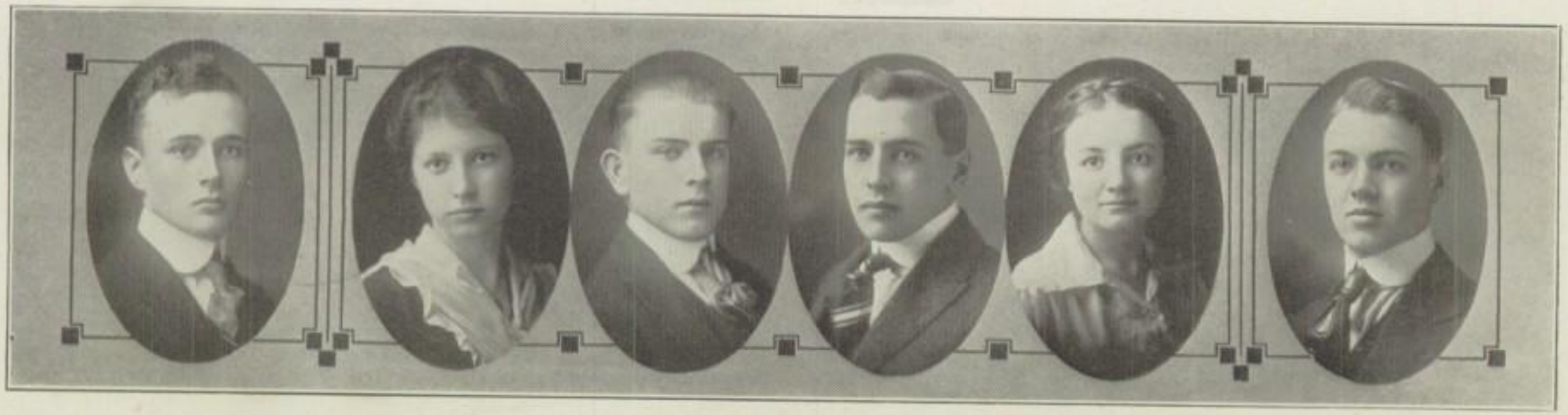
RUTH WICKEMEYER—Commercial.

G. A. A. Scout, '16; Baseball, '17.

Ruth took a decided interest in basket-ball at the close of the season. "Shel" is a swell fellow.

MILDRED TOWNSEND—Academic.

Of the Richmond boys, cares she for none, but up at Muncie she has one.



Byron Wilson—Academic.

Orchestra; Band; Gym Team; Hi-Y Club.

He cares not for playing croquet or cricket; the extent of his interest is with the Wicket.

Juanita Wicket—Academic.

Dramatic Society; Pierian Staff, '17.

Juanita is little and full of joy, and thinks Byron a mighty nice boy.

Henry Zeitz—Commercial

"Heinie" is a good sport; happy-go-lucky, and fond of the girls.

William Willson—Academic.

Orchestra, '16, '17; Hi-Y Club; Band.

"If Cupid had given me half a chance, I would have surprised you all."

Irene Utter—Academic.

Pedestrian Club; Writers' Club, '17; Register, '17; "Six Times Nine"; "Breezy Point"; Basket-ball, '15; Senior Play.

"Energy and persistence conquer all things."

Ivan Gardner—Industrial Arts.

Hi-Y Club; Band.

"Pop" is in seventh heaven when he's riding in a Cole 8 from Pumpkin Center.

The Charge of the '17's

DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND, RUSSELL PARKER

HALF a foot, half a foot,
Half a foot onward,
All in their nice new suits
Walked the two hundred.
"Forward, you seventeens!
Make for the stage!" Bus said.
Into the center aisle
Walked the two hundred.

"Forward the whole brigade!"
Was there a one dismayed?
Not though the children feared
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to walk on by.
Into the center aisle
Walked the two hundred.

People to right of them,
People to left of them,
People in front of them,
Encored the two hundred;
Stormed at with many a glance,
They marched as in a trance,
Up past the flight of stairs;
Down on the folding chairs,
Sat the two hundred.

Flashed all their white teeth bare,
Flashed as they sat up there
Listening to speakers flare,
Charging their lives, while
Parents grew prouder.
Then, when the leader spoke,
Right from the line they broke,
Young man and woman,
Down for the final stroke,—
Sheepskins with ribbons.
Then they came marching back,
Brilliant two hundred.

People to right of them,
People to left of them,
People behind them,
Looked on and wondered;
Subjects of gay remarks,
Smiled at by learned sharks,
They like a mob of larks
Flocked down that flight of stair;
Back past the principal,
Back past his folding chair,
Happy two hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the advance they made!
All Richmond wondered.
Honor for what they mean!
Honor the seventeen,
Noble two hundred!

CLAUDE G. MILLER, '19.

THE RICHMOND TRI-DAILY GAZETTE

With apologies to all newspapers in general

Vol. XIII. No. 313 | Friday, April 13, 1927 | Morning Edition. Price, Thirteen Cents

AMERICAN AIRMEN ACHIEVE AMAZING ADVANTAGE

ENEMY FIGHTS FRANTICALLY

American Forces Win Overwhelming Victory Over Icelandic Forces in Arctic Seas.

Iceland, April 11, 1927.—Major-General Harold F. Norris, commander of U. S. troops in the great Icelandic War, achieved victory over his assailants here today in one of the most wonderful battles ever recorded in history. General Norris's brave men, each one in his own personal biplane, hovered about 15,000 feet above the island until somewhere around 3:00 p. m. today, when they sighted the Icelanders in their aeroplanes rapidly ascending. When the airships of the opponents seemed to lie straight below our men, brave General Norris gave the order to fire, whereupon each man let fall from his machine five 30-inch shells and four barrels of dynamite. As our troops at this time numbered 50,000 men, the result was that 250,000 shells and 200,000 barrels of dynamite were dropped upon the Icelanders. Strange to say, but nevertheless true, the army of Icelanders was almost completely wiped out. General Norris's wireless, which was received immediately after the battle, declared that, as soon as all the Icelanders were destroyed, General Norris and his men would fly back to America, a trip which, on account of the present inclement weather, will probably take four hours at the least. General Norris was a graduate of the class of '17 of the Rich-

(Continued to Page 3.)

GREAT FIRM FAILS

The Tri-Daily Gazette regrets to announce that the firm of Snively and Smith, manufacturers of screen wire, have failed in business, due to the complete annihilation of the common house fly in this country, a process which has been going on for the last ten years. A fly in this country is now as rare as a small town pump. We trust that Mr. Murray Snively and Mr. Raymond Smith, owners, will speedily recover from this blow.

LARGE CROWDS WITNESS PATRIOTIC PARADE

Celebrate Latest Great Icelandic War Victory

Great crowds of our citizens turned out yesterday to witness our great patriotic parade. Every feature was a success, but the most popular section of the parade was the company of German-American War veterans which led the procession. Most of our brave boys have gone to join the present Icelandic War, but those who remained were greeted with the greatest of homage. Robert Brumley and Harold Dilks led the cavalry, while Kenneth Davis and Noel Deem marched in the first rank of the infantry.

Notice!

June Robinson, equestrienne. Instructions in horseback riding. Hours, 9:00 a. m. to 4:00 p. m. daily. Prices reasonable. Inquire at 3445 South 34th St., Richmond, Indiana.

THRILLING RESCUE ACHIEVED

Atlantic City, April 12, 1927.—Ivan J. Gardner, formerly of Richmond, attempted suicide yesterday afternoon by jumping from a small boat into the ocean. Harold Saurer, also of Richmond, who was propelling a steam launch in that vicinity, noticed his strugglings, and dived into the water after him, just as he was sinking for the sixteenth time. Today Mr. Gardner's condition was much improved. It is rumored that his attempt at suicide was caused by disappointment in love.

ADMIRAL SUDHOFF SENDS FAVORABLE REPORT

"All is Well" Substance of Message From the Fleet

Ocean, April 11, 1927.—Word has been received by wireless at headquarters that Admiral Sudhoff and his able assistant, Commander Russell Parker and Capt Nelson Sinex, at present in command of the U. S. fleet in the Icelandic War, have sighted and sunk 300 of the enemy's ships within the last twenty-four hours. The shots were fired at a distance of 125 miles from the enemy's fleet. Admiral Sudhoff was able to achieve this by means of the newly invented long-distance guns, which he has installed in each of his ships. Great genius has been displayed by these three efficient commanders. Older residents of the city will no doubt remember them as members of the '17 graduating class of the Richmond High School. Richmond seems to be the proud mother of many of the national heroes of the present day.

FIRE DESTROYS MILLIONAIRE'S MANSION

FAMILY ESCAPES WITHOUT INJURY

Firemen and Police Render Great Service—No Clue to Origin.

Fire destroyed a large part of the magnificent home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Swisher (née Miss Nellie Gregory) late this evening. The flames burst forth while Mr. and Mrs. Swisher and a few guests were enjoying a game of cards in the drawing room. Chief Patrolwoman Meta Rankin, while strolling on her beat, noticed the flames. She rushed immediately to the nearest telephone and notified the firemen and the inmates. When the fireoplanes arrived, a large part of the west wing had been consumed. Fireman Russell Neff heroically fought his way into the house and rescued Mrs. Swisher and the three small children, who were nearly suffocated by the smoke. Garwood Grimes, chief of police, states that the loss of property will amount to approximately $50,000.

SURPRISING DISCOVERY MADE

Miss Gertrude Petering, a grade school teacher in Richmond, discovered three dead flies on the floor of her school room yesterday. We thought that our country was rid of these pests, but it seems that there are still a few left. Mr. Verlis Monroe and Margaret Beasley, health commissioners, will start an investigation at once, to determine, if possible, the source of these flies.

Richmond Tri-Daily Gazette

Published every Morning, Noon and Night.

Entered as first class matter in heads of all readers.

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TRUTH

Truth is certainly a great thing. Just think how nice it would be if everybody would tell the truth all the time. We disapprove most heartily of the contest which is now going on for the purpose of finding out who is the most fluent prevaricator in the city, an account of which is given in this issue. We are in favor of trying to bring about a condition of perfect truth, and are beginning by guaranteeing that everything in this paper is the exact truth.

SUPERSTITION

Many, many people are superstitious, but there is absolutely no cause for this condition existing in anyone. A very common instance of superstition is, that many people say that Friday the thirteenth is an unlucky day. To prove that Friday the thirteenth is not an unlucky day, just read this paper. This paper is published on Friday the thirteenth, and it can readily be seen that this is an excellent edition of the paper, and I will assure you that we had no trouble whatever in its publication.

SIDELIGHTS FROM THE FRONT

Iceland, April 11, 1927.—Private John Burris and Private Wilburn Hippard of Company A were found missing at taps this evening. It is suspected that they have deserted. Search will be instituted immediately.

Private Dale Owens of Company B has gained a wide reputation among the troops by his efficient playing of the ukelele, mandolee, and banjitar. He is requested to play on one of these instruments for at least half an hour every evening before taps are sounded.

Miss Vera Pfafflin and Miss Amy Fitzpatrick, who are serving as Red Cross nurses at the hospital island off the coast of Iceland, have, it is stated, become quite indispensable. Rumors have spread that they have broken the heart of every soldier in the barracks. Perhaps this accounts for the great amount of enlistment which has been going on lately.

CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM HAS BEEN COMPLETED

The program for the annual Chautauqua has been finally completed by the committee placed in charge. Every feature will be of deepest interest to all patrons. Mary Hill, an authority on dance reform, will give three very interesting lectures on that subject. Thelma Robinson, another of our prominent citizens, will give a group of child readings, two of which are entitled, "Come to Daddy" and "Mamma's Rhubarb Pie." Juanita Bloom, Agnes Cain, Elizabeth Chrisman and Anna Dafler, the Harmony Four, will render several musical selections of great merit.

Local Artist Receives High Position

Miss Mildred Townsend, a well-known local artist, will leave soon for New York, where she has accepted a position as designer of international fashions for Worth.

MANY INJURED IN TERRIBLE WRECK.

Dayton, Ohio, April 12, 1927.—The Ohio west-bound aeroplane sustained a severe wreck yesterday on the way between Richmond and Dayton. Several Richmond people were in the airship, but none was seriously injured. Those sustaining slight bruises were: Pauline Cook, teacher of sewing in the Richmond High School, Marjorie Erk, representative from the Sixth District in the State Legislature, Juanita Wickett, instructor in dancing in this city, Raymond Schneider, a prosperous farmer living south of the city, and June Ross, a chauffeurienne of Indianapolis. We trust that their bruises may soon be entirely well again.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Scandalous Divorce Case Now in Session

Mrs. Carleton Smith, formerly Miss Margaret VanSant of this city, has filed a suit for divorce from Carleton Smith, a physician here. Mrs. Smith, in court yesterday, declared with tears in her eyes, that Mr. Smith did not display the same amount of affection that he did in their courtship days, and also that he does not furnish her as much money as she desires. Mrs. Smith alleges that one Edith Dalton, a prominent hairdresser of the city, proved too attractive to her husband. Judge Julius Tietz has not yet determined what action will be taken.

LEARNED PROF. RESIGNS

Professor Warren Stimson, A. B., A. M., B. S., LL. D., Ph. D., instructor in Latin in the University of Argentina, has announced his resignation which will take effect in June.

MULTI-BILLIONAIRE BESTOWS WONDERFUL GIFT

George Mendenhall, wealthy landowner and former citizen of Richmond, has sent to the city government a check for $15,000,000 for the building and equipping of a large museum in the city. The structure will be started in the near future. Research work will be carried on continuously from now on by Bernice Little, Edith Long, and Earl Mitchell, who are expert authorities on antiques.

GAMBLERS STAKE FORTUNE ON RACING CAR.

We hear that William Willson and Roland Wrede, professional gamblers, have just staked $6,000,000 on a certain unknown racer in the auto race soon to be held at Indianapolis. Well, for some people, life itself is just one big gamble.

BAFFLING ROBBERY OCCURS

Clarence Coyle, retail jeweler, was much alarmed this morning to find that several valuable articles of jewelry had been stolen from his store during the night. Detective Harold Krick of this city has been put on the trail of the thieves. It is thought that they will soon be apprehended, as several clues have been discovered by Detective Krick. The value of goods stolen amounts to approximately $15,000.

Notice: Contest of Local Interest.

Folks used to say that women weren't racers. A contest is now on in the city to determine who is the most fluent prevaricator here. A number of our young lady citizens have applied for a chance to pass an examination in this line. Those having applied are: Elizabeth Hunt, Cora Harris, Florence Gunn, Lillian Genn, Helen Fox, and Juanita Duke. This ought to prove interesting. Let us watch it up.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Delightful Bridge Party Given.

One of the most delightful social functions of the week was the charming bridge tea, given by Mrs. Benj. Harris (née Miss Electa Foster) at her home on East Main Street this afternoon, in honor of her guest Mrs. Gurney Stidham (née Miss Helen Ligon) of San Francisco, California. Mrs. Stidham is well known in social circles here, but since her marriage to Mr. Stidham some years ago, she has not revisited her native city. Mrs. Harris has arranged for an elaborate ball to be given at a future date in her honor.

Cupid Gains One More Victory.

Announcement has been made by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tarkleson of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth, to Mr. Lester Leiter. Miss Elizabeth is one of the most popular young ladies of her set, and the announcement will no doubt prove a surprise to her many friends. Mr. Leiter, a prosperous shoe merchant in the city, is much respected by all who know him.

Former Citizeness Returns

Word has been received that Miss Emma Fetta, who has been studying music in Rio de Janiero, will return home in a few days by way of the Pan-American Airship line, plying between New York and Rio de Janiero.

Well-Known Artist Weds

The wedding of Miss Mildred Nusbaum, a well known young artist, and Marcus de Marquet, a French nobleman, has just been announced. Miss Nusbaum has just acquired a nation-wide reputation by her latest painting, "The Granite Mouse." Mr. and Mrs. Marquet will go to the South Pole on their wedding trip.

Mayor to Return to Richmond

Mayor Phyllis A. Butler, who has been spending the week end in Indianapolis with Miss Hazel Cruse, beauty specialist in that city, will return to Richmond this evening by the 10:50 east-bound aeroplane. Tomorrow morning she will take the new vehicle tax under consideration. Mayor Butler intends to recommend higher tax rates to the city legislature at the next session.

Miss Louise Mather, of this city, has announced her intention of going to the Fiji Islands as missionary and instructor in Christian knowledge there. The Rev. Henry Zeitz, minister of the First Presbyterian church, has no doubt done much to influence her in regard to her decision. She is expected to leave sometime in July.

The druggists of the State of Indiana have met during the last week in their semi-annual convention at Fort Wayne. Speeches by noted orators, and demonstrations, were held daily during the week. The druggists who attended from this city were: Glenn Menke, Roscoe Meyer, Albert Mobley, and Robert Price. Mr. Mobley made a remarkable and instructive speech on "How to Give Customers the Least Amount of Material for the Greatest Amount of Money." It was carefully recorded, and will, no doubt, be universally practiced among druggists in the future.

Tri-Daily Gazette takes great pleasure in announcing that several of Richmond's most talented and intelligent female citizens have returned safely from a lengthy tour in foreign countries. These young ladies were offered this trip in order that they might thoroughly prepare themselves for active teaching in the University of Centerville. The ladies above mentioned are: Blanche Hampton, majoring in German; Dorothy Henning, in dramatic interpretation; Inez Hough, in music; Muriel Kirkman, in history, and Margaret Lemen, in mathematics.

THEATER NEWS.

Don't Miss This Great Attraction.

Our former citizenness, Miss Helen Hadley, will be in Richmond on Monday, May 13, 1927, and will render with the help of her assistants, Miss Helen Johnson, vocalist, and Miss Neva Bowman, violinist, a splendid concert in the new Pickell Hall. All three of these young ladies were members of the graduating class of 1917, and have been making concert tours through Europe and America. Don't miss this!!

Coming! To the Washington Photo-Play House!

"Fascinating Fannie's Flirtation" featuring Miss Mildred Hartman, the brilliant and charming star, in conjunction with Roland Dollins, the nation's most popular matinee idol.

Folks! This is worth the money! Don't fail to take this in!

Famous Vampire to Appear in Person at the Old Murray Theater on Monday, April 16, 1917.

Camilla Angelina Haner, the most wickedly beautiful vampire in the movies today, will positively and absolutely appear in person in this city at the Murray Theater on next Monday. After performing a snake dance before the footlights, to the accompaniment of her private orchestra, composed of Helen Rethmeyer, ragtime violinist, Robert Longman, cornetist, and Willard Lebo, clarinetist, she will reveal the secret of her marvelous success as a vampire woman, in an informal talk to the audience.

Here's your chance, girls!

Biggest Attraction of the Season

The Indianapolis Grand Opera Company, which has been booked by all the large cities of Europe and America, will make a one night stand in Richmond on Friday, April 20. They will present "When Love Was Young." The soprano soloist is Miss Wilhemine Boggs, of national fame; the contralto is Miss Clara Getz, and the chorus consists of Nellie Hawkins, Flora Parks, Mandalyn Randall, Evelyn Shoemaker, Rheba Smith, Ruth Weidner, Isabel Ayres, and Faye DeBeck. The tenor soloist is the famous Clifford Noss, and the baritone, Byron Wilson. Miss Thelma Schillinger, toe dancer, is one of the big hits of the show. Mr. William Keys, owner and manager of the theater, states that he considers it one of the best musical successes of the season.

AMERICAN AIRMEN ACHIEVE

(Continued from Page 1.)

mond High School, and no doubt great homage will be paid him upon his return. Among those who showed especial bravery in this encounter were: Corporal Herbert Bulach, Private Orlando Coryell, Lieut. Russell Hunt, and Col. Ralph Lamb.

LOVERS' FOOD TO BE CONSERVED

A new organization has been started in the city which will be most beneficial and instructive. It is known as "The Indiana Society of Efficient Pickle Growers," and is intended to foster this important industry. The members are, for the most part, young ladies who intend to follow up this profession in the future. The charter members are: Stella Baker, Lenore Cook, Nina Edmunson, Ruth Jarret, Florence McMahan, Elsie Updike, Irene Utter, Edith Decker, and Meta Weyman.

SPORT DOPE

"Indiana Kids" Achieve Victory over Pennsylvania Rams

"Trusty Tobe" Jessup, pitcher for the "Indiana Kids," covered himself with glory yesterday when the "Kids" gained a glorious victory over the "Rams." The whole nation is watching these games, and our "Tobe" is sure some guy. Fuller account of the game will be given in this noon's issue. Other members of the team who received favorable criticism were, Carl Brady, Bradford Meyer, Nile Patti, and Paul Steen, all of whom are Richmond products.

Our "Whit" Kempton still has the racing fever. Word has been received that he has entered his name in the auto racing list this season. With his 32-cylinder Weasel racing car, he will enter the lists. The "dope" sure looks good for him. Here's to you, "Whit"!

ANOTHER MARRIAGE KNOT SOON TO BE TIED

Friends of Miss Juanita Wickett were pleasantly surprised last evening when the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Byron Wilson of this city was made public. The marriage will take place sometime in July.

Quigg Gains Honorable Position

Robert Quigg, an earnest reform worker in our slums, has been offered the superintendency of the Indiana State Home for Aged Females. This is a very enviable position, and Mr. Quigg will no doubt accept this honor with gratitude.

LARGE FACTORY TO BE CONSTRUCTED IN NEAR FUTURE

Richmond will soon be the proud owner of another large factory. The United Central Western Soap Manufacturing Co. have just purchased all the property between 42d and 47th streets, extending from Q to S streets, and will soon commence the construction of a large soap factory at that place. Since the ordinance was passed requiring the sidewalks to be washed with soap each day, there has been a very great demand for soap, and to meet this demand more places of manufacturing must be constructed. The above named company has placed factories in many of the large cities. The contract for the construction was let to the Kelly-Towle Construction Co., and the factory after completion will be under the management of Robert Clark, an eminent business man of this city.

Prominent Citizen Elopes

Prof. Chester Edwards, formerly a member of the R. H. S. faculty, now retired, eloped last evening with Miss Gwendolina Amasidio, an Italian cabaret dancer at the Mendenhall Café. The couple were married in Kentucky. For their honeymoon they will take a balloon trip over the Fiji Islands. They will return sometime in September.

Richmond Will Welcome Noted Lecturer to Platform

Our illustrious citizen, Mr. Benjamin Null, will arrive in Richmond next week, to deliver a series of lectures and readings, which will no doubt be of interest to all hearers. Mr. Null is well educated in dramatic interpretation and has coached plays all over this part of the country. He is also an eminent actor.

YOUNG APOLLO STARTS DANCING INSTRUCTIONS

Mr. June Gayle, well known as one of the most handsome young men of Richmond's smart set, wishes to announce to the public that he will organize classes in aesthetic dancing at reasonable rates. Next week, Mr. Gayle will give an exhibition of this kind of dancing. One of the most attractive of Mr. Gayle's dances, called "Little Sunbeams," he will demonstrate at his exhibition. Young ladies are urged to take advantage of this apportunity.

Noted Baseball Pitcher to Wed

We can now see very plainly why "Tobe" Jessup, a big league baseball pitcher has pitched so efficiently this year and has gained so many victories for his team. The engagement of Miss Martha Jones to Mr. Jessup has just been announced. Miss Jones is a teacher of physical education in the high school in this city, and soon after the completion of the term the wedding will take place. After the wedding they will take a short wedding trip to the Blueberry Islands. Upon their return they will live in Buffalo, where Mr. Jessup has accepted a position in the Y. M. C. A.

Noted Fellow Citizen to Address Pennville Press Club

Mr. Gurney Stidham, editor of the San Francisco Times-Moon, who is spending a few months in this city, will speak to the members of the Pennville Press Club this evening in their banquet hall on Seventh Avenue. His subject will be, "How I Got My Start as an Editor." Mrs. Stidham, who is vitally interested in her husband's work, will accompany him.

SPEED DEMON ARRESTED ABOVE PINHOOK JUNCTION

Oscar Morton, while trying out his new supercylinder quadruplane yesterday evening at the rate of 250 miles an hour, was stopped and arrested by aerotraffic cop, Robert Watt. Mr. Watt brought the offender before Judge Tietz, who fined him $113 and costs, and sentenced him to thirteen days in jail. All ye drivers! Let this be a lesson to you. It is time that we learn to observe the speed limit.

ENGAGEMENT BROKEN

It takes only a matter of time to show whether love is true or false. In the case of a certain lady's affection for Raymond Smith, it is evident that it was false. Up until the present time Miss H—— has shown a great amount of affection for Mr. Smith, but since the failure of the screen wire firm, of which Mr. Smith was a member, and since the report that Mr. Smith was left penniless, Miss H——'s affection seems to have disappeared entirely. It is understood that Mr. Smith will bring a breach of promise suit against Miss H——.

Fair Damsels Join the Wissler-Whisnand Circus

Miss Helen Fox of this city, formerly librarian of the R. H. S., has been employed by the Wissler-Whisnand Circus, the largest circus now on the road. Miss Fox is to assume the name of Merry Mehitabel, and is to be the celebrated fat lady of the circus. Another one of Richmond's fair maidens, Miss Helen McMinn, is to appear at the next performance as the renowned snake-charmer. She is said to have the power of charming not only the serpent, but the serpent's brother, man. These two celebrities will no doubt be the biggest attractions of this already famous circus.

ATHLETICS.

Basket-ball

THE completion of the 1916-17 basket-ball season marked the end of the greatest year in the Richmond High School in that line of sports. From one regular, two subs, and green material, was developed the greatest team high school has ever had.

R. H. S. started its season November third, by defeating Spiceland 40-10. Since this was the first game of the year, and because the team was practically new, the game was watched with special interest. The Quakers used the open style play, and played circles around the Spiceland boys.

The following week, Richmond defeated Anderson on her own floor. The game was fast and rough as one might judge from the 28-18 score.

Muncie then took us down the line to the tune of 33-11. This defeat dismayed the school at first, but in the end it proved the best for us.

Rushville, offering very little resistance, was dropped by the way-side by a 47-11 score.

Then came New Castle, our bitterest opponent. But New Castle had seen better days. Hereafter we can all look back and remember the time when Richmond knocked out the Rose City quintet by a 52-12 count.

Richmond then took a trip to Hagerstown. She gave us a bit of a scrap, but we came home with the large end of a 31-26 score.

Anderson came down to get revenge for the defeat earlier in the season, but we could not accommodate her. It was a decisive victory this time, 44-26.

Next, Stivers of Dayton defeated us over there 42-38, but they were afraid to come over here and try to repeat the trick.

Following this, Rushville and New Castle were tossed aside by 43-18 and 45-11 scores respectively.

The team then took a trip through the western part of the state. Waynetown, our first opponent, was defeated in a close, scrappy game, 26-20. The first accident of the season happened there, when Dollins fell and broke his arm. We have certainly missed that six feet of beef ever since. From Waynetown the team went to New Richmond and demonstrated that the old Richmond could play better basket-ball than the new. The score was 33-25.

The next game was looked upon to decide the strongest team in the Sixth District, but Hagerstown didn't stand a show. When the tragedy was over and the smoke had cleared away the score board said 70-16 in favor of Richmond.

Richmond won the next three games from Waynetown, Spiceland, and Brazil by big, lopsided scores.

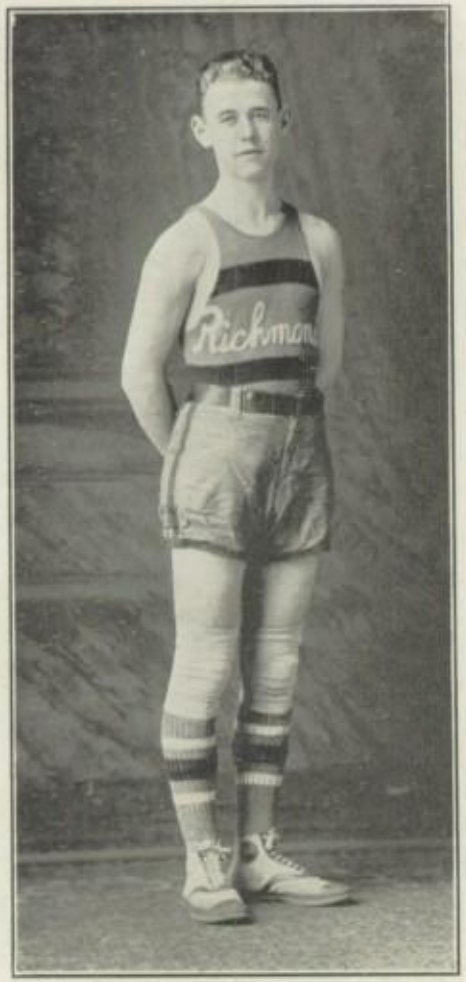
Hamilton was next taken on by a 39-23 score.

Then came the Muncie game. Muncie came down here chuck full of confidence, but Richmond was determined to avenge her earlier defeat by Muncie. Richmond was only one point ahead at the end of the first half, but her endurance told in the second, and the game ended 29-22, Richmond. Revenge is sweet.

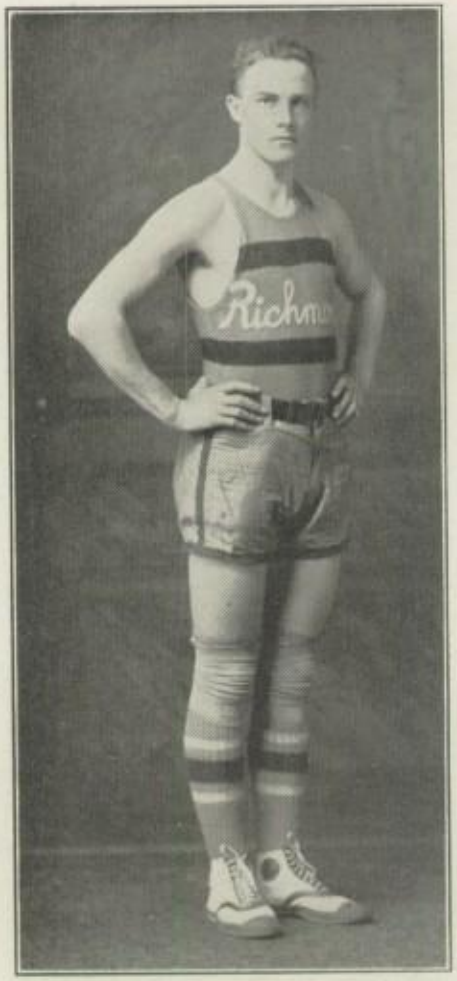
LYMAN LYBOULT
Coach

"BUS" PARKER, *Captain*
Center

"TOBE" JESSUP
Forward



"Eno" O'Neal
Forward



"Shel" Shelton
Guard

"Shel" Simmons
Forward

"Herbie" Bulach
Forward

"Dollie" Dollins
Guard

"Red" Grimes
Guard

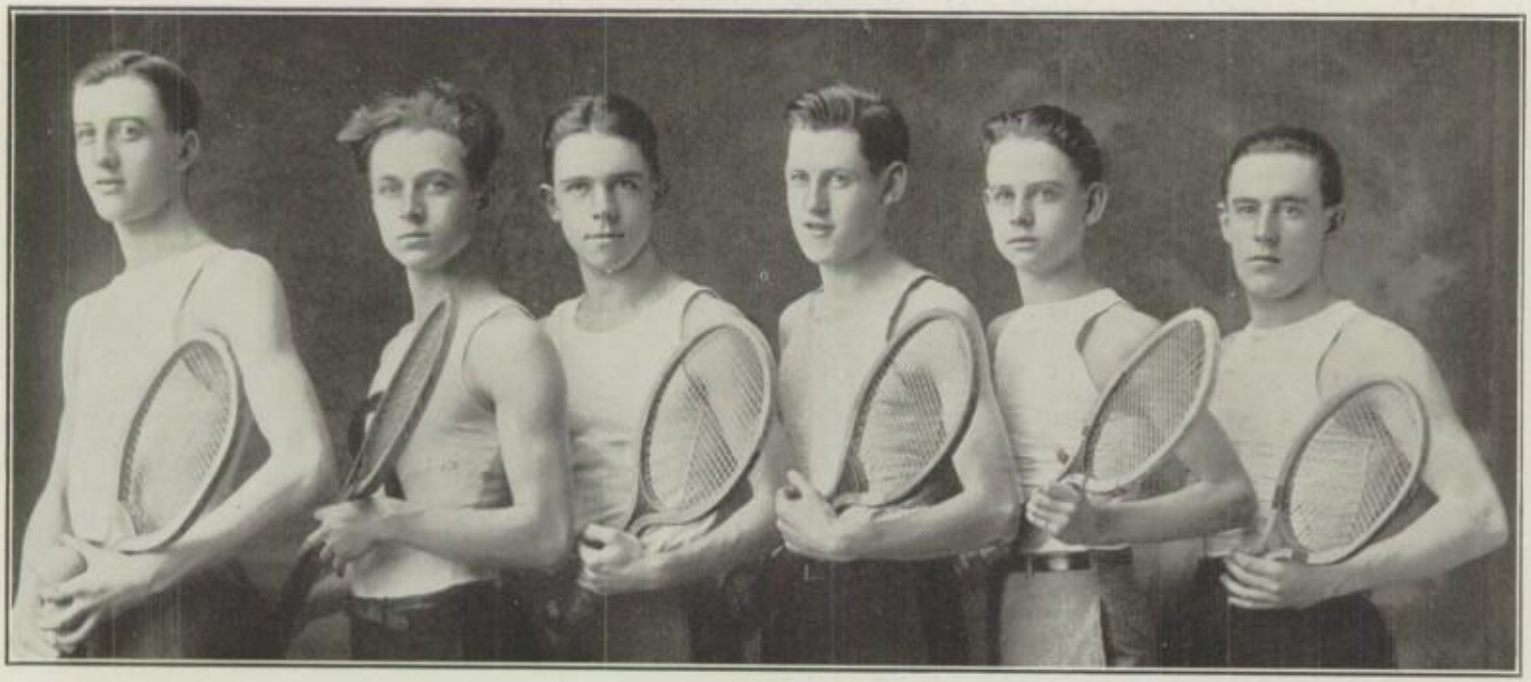
Second Basket-ball Team

RICHMOND High School's second basket-ball team had a very successful season, losing only two games, the first and the last.

Ted Van Allen, at forward, proved to be the star at the basket shooting art. His total of eighty-four points speaks for itself. Markley Lahrman ranked in the scoring, having a total of forty-seven points. His floor work as well as his basket shooting was good. Hawley Gardner proved to be a big surprise at Modoc. At this city (?) he played in a manner most distracting to the opposing team. The definition of the Richmond defence is the word Monroe. Verlis' work all season was sensational. Mason, at floor guard, proved a fitting mate for Monroe on the defence. The fact that Walt's dribbling hand is on the larboard side proved distressing to the opponents. Herbert Bulach and Sheldon Simmons also played with the seconds until their abilities promoted them to the first team.

The season's scores were:

R. H. S..16—Anderson ..20	R. H. S..22—E. Midgets..10
R. H. S..10—Muncie 9	R. H. S..36—Cambridge ..15
R. H. S..36—Dixon 11	R. H. S..26—Modoc 14
R. H. S..40—Hagerstown 20	R. H. S..18—Eaton 28
R. H. S..23—Lewisburg .. 9	



Tennis

IN THE fall of the 1916 term, Richmond High School sent a tennis team to Anderson to play the team representing the high school of that place. In this meet Richmond won four matches to Anderson's two. In the singles, Shel Simmons, Roland Keys, and Carleton Smith won their matches. In the doubles Richmond did not fare so well, Webb and R. Keys being the only ones to win their match, the Simmons-W. Keys, and the Smith-Plummer combinations being defeated by narrow margins.

The personnel of the team was as follows:

Sheldon Simmons, '18; Roland Keys, '19; Carleton Smith, '17; Howard Webb, '17; Roy Plummer, '17; William Keys, '17.

Track

UNTIL last year, track was an almost neglected sport in the Richmond High School. Although last year's track team was fairly good, this year's is much better. An inter-class meet was held on April 10, in which the Seniors easily won first place. The result in numbers was: Seniors 76, Juniors 12, Sophomores 7, and Freshmen 3.

On April 28, Steele High School of Dayton sent her track team here to compete with ours, but the competition was too great. She had to be satisfied with 54 points compared with our 78.

On May 7, in a meet with Technical High School of Indianapolis, we were again successful. Although Technical made a good stand, we succeeded in making 54 points to her 44.

FRESHMAN

Freshman

Eula Summerson
Nola King
Mildred Moser
Margaret Kinsey
Marie Karcher
Bertha Karcher
Marcella Huth
Martha Locke

Sophomore

Louise Meerhoff
Mary Ellsberry
Agnes Meerhoff
Janet Seeker
Marjorie Edwards
Clara Daub
Edith Monroe
Katherine Kampe
Lois Johanning
Margaret Schumann

SOPHOMORE

SENIOR

JUNIOR

Junior

Martha Jones
Marie Baker
Mildred Ruble
Mabel Shaver
Stella Roller
Helen Snodgrass
Kathryn Bartel
Bessie Buell
Carrie Girty
Sara Shute
Luranah Shute
Florence Rowe

Senior

Phyllis Butler
Neva Bowman
Nellie Hawkins
Nina Edmundson
Vera Pfafflin
Evelyn Shoemaker

Girls' Basket-ball

THE basket-ball season began rather late, but a number of games have been played. They have been interesting, although it has been necessary to forfeit a few games on account of a player or two not "showing up."

In the first games that were played, it looked as if the Sophomores were going to take over the pennant without much effort; but just about the middle of the Sophomore's most successful year, three of its strongest players were forced to give up basket-ball for the year. This marked the downfall of the Class of '19, and the rise of the Class of '18. The Sophomores played a clean, fast game and were hard to "run" against when they had their regular players there. Even if they did not succeed in being the "Champs," they did take second place.

The Junior team has been a strong team ever since they were Freshmen. After the Sophomore team had been "shot to pieces," the Juniors lost practically no games, and came out at the end with the championship. The "Champs" had so many aspirants from which to choose their line-up, that they always had a good "scrapping" bunch down every Friday night. This team was also aided by the transfer of a Sophomore player to their team; namely, Florence Rowe. We were all glad to see the Juniors get the championship, because they have gotten it "fair and square," but if the Sophs had not had such bad luck their elders would have had to work a little harder.

The Seniors had to be contented to take third place next to the Freshmen. They started out fairly well, but on account of lack of interest they failed to get enough players and were compelled to forfeit a few games. Those who came down played a good game, and they were a little difficult to beat when they had their regular line-up. Just the same the Seniors furnished three players for the "all-star" team.

The Freshmen have made a good showing in the basket-ball field. Although they did not win a single game, they stayed with us until the season was over. Several of the Freshman girls deserve a medal for their "hanging on" qualities. They are bound to get the championship some of these times. Considering the fact that some of these Freshies had not played basket-ball before, we think that they put up an especially good defense.

The basket-ball season ended with the annual spread given for the first and second teams. Nearly every boy was there (a surprise, because we thought some of them were a little backward). We think that they had enough to eat since we haven't as yet heard of their buying anything else to eat on the way home. After the "eats" were served we went to the gym and spent an hour socially. The best part of the spread was seeing the boys help (?) with the dishes.

The Tournament

ON MARCH 9 and 10, the District Basket-ball Tournament was held in Richmond for the third consecutive time. There were thirteen teams gathered here: Rushville, Sandusky, Monroe, Cambridge City, Modoc, Clarksburg, Greensburg, Hagerstown, Liberty, Westport, Milroy, Union City and Richmond. These thirteen teams were quartered at the different hotels around town and their meals were furnished at the High School lunch room.

The tourney started Friday afternoon at one o'clock with Richmond against Rushville. The old guard was in form and played circles around Rushville. The first half ended 32-8. The subs were sent in, in the second half, and ended the game 50-10. Sandusky, the High School that has ten boys, had little trouble with Cambridge City, defeating them 47-13. Modoc eliminated Monroe in a scrappy game by a 31-24 score. In the final game of the afternoon, Greensburg defeated Clarksburg 35-24. Clarksburg held their own until Greensburg's big center stirred things up and turned the tables.

The game that evening between Hagerstown and Liberty was the surprise game of the tournament, since Hagerstown was beaten by a team which she had beaten twice earlier in the season. The first half ended 10-9, Hagerstown, but Liberty came back in the second, winning 20-19. In the second game of the evening, Westport defeated Milroy in a fast game, 29-25.

Saturday morning the R. H. S. subs sent Union City to the showers by a 59-10 count. With the whole team dropping them in at regular intervals, Union City did not stand a ghost of a show. In the second game of the morning Sandusky eliminated Modoc. The score was close until near the last, when Sandusky jumped ahead, winning 36-27. Greensburg gave Liberty a run for her money in the last game of the morning. It was a good scrap, but Liberty took them, 27-19.

In the first game of the semi-finals, Richmond had no trouble defeating Westport. Our impregnable defense made it possible for us to run up the 99-13 score on our opponents. Liberty earned the right to enter the finals by defeating the Sandusky quintet. At the end of a clean, fast game the score stood 32-17, Liberty.

The final game between Richmond and Liberty was played before the largest crowd of the tourney. The team came on the floor with the motto "Give us Liberty, or give us Death," and they took "Liberty." The game started with a rush, Richmond piling up points in rapid succession. The half ended with Richmond far in the lead. The last half was a repetition of the first. Liberty often resorted to her big green water bottle, but to no avail. When the report of the last pistol in this year's tournament had died away, it showed Richmond 64, Liberty 14.

For three years, Richmond has tried to go to Bloomington; for two years she failed, each time by two points. The third time was the charm. Those two points were wiped out twenty-five times over.

Our team went to Bloomington. There they were successful in their first game, winning from Columbus, but lost in the second, to Rochester.

Debating and Discussion

THIS year's debating team consisted of Julius Tietz, a Senior; Benjamin Rost, a Junior; and William Haberkern, a Sophomore. It was the shortest team the Richmond High School has ever had, but in spite of their size they proved that they were mighty.

On January 26, Ft. Wayne came here and was defeated. Our team had the affirmative on the question, "Resolved, That the United States should own and operate the railroads in the United States."

On April 13, our team went to Marion, where they debated with the Marion team on the same question which we debated with Ft. Wayne, but this time we took the negative side. We won again, although the Marion team put up some good arguments.

To top off these two victories, Julius Tietz won first place in the District Discussion Contest and second place in the State Discussion Contest.

We consider the past year a prosperous one in this line of activities.

RICHMOND HIGH SCHOOL
1917
WIRELESS
P C
ORCHESTRA
WRITERS CLUB
RICHMOND HIGH SCHOOL
INDIANA
GAA
GLEE CLUB
FOOTBALL
DRAMATICS
NELLIE HAWKINS

The Hi-Y Club

HAROLD NORRIS, *President*
WENDELL O'NEAL, *Vice-President*

RUSSELL PARKER, *Secretary*
RAYMOND SMITH, *Treasurer*

THE Hi-Y Club is the latest addition to the list of R. H. S. organizations. It was started in January and has grown to be one of the strongest organizations of our school. The purpose of the club is to bind more closely the ties between the Y. M. C. A. and the High School, and to boost the activities and different enterprises of the school.

During the last four months the boys have met fortnightly at the Y, where they have enjoyed a supper and short speeches from several well-known men of our city. Some of the best known speakers were: Rev. Dressel, Chas. Jordan, President Kelly of Earlham College, and Hassel T. Sullivan. The Hi-Y boys have been the main boosters in all the big undertakings of the school. Especially did they show their booster spirit at the time of the District Basket-ball Tournament with their two large banners and their unsubduable spirit.

When the president, "Hobe" Norris, left to join the colors, the interest began to lag. But a splendid foundation for reorganization has been laid, and they hope to have even greater success next year.

Forensic Club

JULIUS TIETZ, *President* BENJAMIN ROST, *Vice-President* WILLIAM HABERKERN, *Secretary*

THE Forensic Club is open to anyone who can get up on the floor and express his opinion without causing an earthquake. The club goes hand in hand with the Public Speaking class, for here is the place where our youthful orators practice what is taught in that class.

The club was begun about three and a half years ago when Mr. Null came to this school. When first organized it was christened the Junior Commercial Club, but, owing to the misunderstanding resulting from this name, it was changed this year to the Forensic Club, which means a club of debating.

The last year has been one of unusual success for this organization, because of the interest displayed. Here many questions of national and local interest have been discussed. Often the excitement has run so high that Julius Tietz, the president, has had to rap for order. Perhaps this was so that his opinion would be heard to a better advantage. We all know Julius' little failing. But we are proud of it, as well we might be, for many times it has brought honor to our school.

Wireless Club

PAUL BROWER, *President.*
WILLIAM FERGUSON, *Vice-President*

GLENN WEIST, *Secretary.*
ROBERT CLARK, *Sergeant*

AS a result of the interest taken in wireless by R. H. S. boys, the Wireless Club was organized. The theory of wireless was studied, as well as the construction and operation of stations. When, as a result of the declaring of war on Germany, the stations were ordered closed by the government, ten members had outfits which could at least receive. Before this, several members were able to receive the press news and storm warnings sent broadcast by the large naval station at Arlington, Virginia.

Members of the club took two trips to Eaton to visit the station there, and one trip to Greenville where they visited several different stations. While at Eaton the large German station at Mauen, Germany, was heard talking to Puckerton, N. J. Another trip was taken to police headquarters to tell Chief Goodwin that all wireless stations in Richmond had been dismantled.

family of Masons had come from southern Indiana. Sibyl's father was a civil engineer, and she, an only child.

All these thoughts flashed into my mind as I stood staring at the little place. I looked it over. The house stood about in the middle of the lot. On one side was a tennis court, on the other was a garden. In front of the vegetable garden was a flower bed and at one end of a row of dahlias stood *The Flower*. I was sure it was she. She was little and dainty, as I had pictured her.

I quietly unlatched the gate and stepped into the yard, walking slowly towards her. She was bending over a bed of purple violets. I was half way up the garden walk, just opposite the sun-dial, when she looked up. I involuntarily stopped. With a surprised and inquiring look she stood motionless and stared at me.

Her blue garden hat had fallen back on her shoulders and hung by the ribbons fastened at her chin. Her eyes, as violet as the violets she held loosely in her hands, gazed at me in a timid, half-frightened sort of way. Dressed as she was in an immaculate blue linen dress and white slippers, she might have passed for a modern goddess.

My eyes again sought hers. This time she was looking *me* over from top to toe. I began to grow uneasy, move or speak I could not. I thanked my stars I had a clean collar on, and I hoped my Palm Beach trousers still showed signs of recent pressing. I quaked inwardly for fear my white Oxfords had grass stain on them.

"Did you want something?" The cool, even voice brought me back to her again. I grew bolder and I believe I remembered to bow.

"This is Miss Sibyl Mason, is it not?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

My hands suddenly grew cold. Could I ever tell her of my most wicked of deeds? Putting my hands in my pocket, I felt the fateful letter.

"Well, Miss Mason," I began, "I have committed a terrible crime against you, and I have come to receive punishment. Ever since I was a child, I have wished for an adventure. This morning I accidentally knocked this letter from the mail basket. In my desperate need of an adventure, I kept it. It is, I believe, your property. I return it and await your sentence."

I handed her the letter and stepped back. She glanced quickly at it and her cheeks crimsoned as she looked up at me with flashing eyes.

"Oh! You mean you sto—took this letter and read it? Say, did you read it?"

I grew so much interested in the expression on her face, which was such a mixture of anger and fear, that I forgot to answer at once.

"I'm afraid I did, Miss Mason, but you see I simply had to have an adventure."

"You're certainly having it," she snapped. "Do you consider it right or lawful to pry into other people's affairs and to break into the mails, sir?"

"I didn't consider anything, I am afraid, but my own present desire."

She sat down on the curbing of the garden walk.

"Well, sir, you are the most incomprehensible man I ever met. You have found out my private affairs, pried into business not your own, and, thus disgraced, you stand before me as though we were talking of the latest movie or something else just as incidental. What are you going to do about it? You see the fix you're in, don't you?"

I glanced at her shame-facedly.

"Why, Miss Mason, I wouldn't spread the news for worlds, and I most certainly am sorry if I have done any harm, but—this adventure, it seems to me, is turning out splendidly. I'd run off with a hundred letters to get to talk to you."

To my surprise, she threw back her head and actually sat there laughing at me. Finally she arose and, gathering up her violets, she came towards me.

"Well, Mr. Ward (How in the name of sense did she know my name?), you certainly are amazing! I haven't time to talk to you now, but come over to-night and I'll pass judgment on you."

She said it soberly, but her eyes twinkled. She gave me a little bow and ran past me into the garden-house. Things were getting very interesting. This was more adventurous than any adventure I had ever dreamed of.

Needless to say, I went over there that night. Anyone knowing me would know I'd have gone if it had been the last thing I ever did. To be sure, she seemed very angry at first, but she got over it and about half past nine we walked down to the drug store and she watched me as I carefully dropped into the box a small envelope addressed to a certain young man by the name of Brown.

All this happened in May. During the following year I was often home on business and for visits, and on each occasion I paid a visit to the bungalow; or should I say to The Girl? At last in May, just a year from the beginning of my adventure, my business was changed to Banfield. Immediately I called on Sibyl.

We were walking in the garden, the same old garden. Old memories came to me and I asked her the same question Archibald—poor man!—had asked a year before. I held my breath fearfully. What if she should treat me as she had done Archie?

Her lips were set in a sober line, but her eyes, those wondrous violets, were laughing.

"Well," she said, "I told Archie I'd marry a bold adventurous knight, so I'd better do it, I guess."

—Helen Hockett.

"Greater Love Hath No Man Than This"

THURSDAY! One more day! So thought Dave Addison as he sat in the little dark cell. One more day and all would be over. Dave was not afraid to go—to stand before his Maker and receive his reward. This thought had comforted him through the dreary weeks after the trial, and after he had been brought to the dark and foreboding prison.

Dave thought of his past as he sat there on his little hard cot. He had had a friend! Yes, a true friend, so Dave thought until a month before. He had known Jeff Turner since they had been in the primer class at the little, red brick school-house. Then through the grammar school they had always been pals. During their college career they were inseparable. Their close companionship was broken, however, after the distributing of the diplomas on graduation day, for their life-paths were not destined to lie together, and the two courses had not crossed each other until about a month before.

Dave went over the scene of that meeting in his mind with a shudder. One morning early, as Dave was strolling through one of the city's suburban parks, he noticed directly in his path two men struggling with each other in what seemed a life and death encounter. When he was only a few feet from them, he was startled by a loud report from a pistol that flashed in the sunlight as it clattered on the hard stones at his feet. One of the men reeled and fell heavily across the path. Before Dave realized the meaning of it all, the other man bolted and ran. However, he stopped abruptly and turned his face toward Dave. Dave started violently, for he was looking directly into the eyes of Jeff Turner, his old pal of long-gone-by days.

"Jeff!" he gasped, as the meaning of the terrible act dawned upon his clouded brain.

"Oh! Dave! Don't tell! Please don't—I had to do it! Promise me that you won't. Quick, Dave—for God's sake, man—speak! Don't you see I'm wasting time? Promise me you will never tell! I always was a good pal of yours. Quick—Dave!"

"I—promise!" whispered Dave and the friend of his boyhood days turned and ran out of the drive-way of the park.

Dave fell on his knees and examined the limp body of the man on the walk. The heart had stopped. As Dave got to his feet a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. Dave turned to find himself face to face with two officers in uniform.

To Dave's dazed mind the meaning of it all slowly dawned. He was held for the murder of an unknown man, he who had always been free and had respected the law of his country and his Master.

What followed, Dave went through as if in a dream. He was pronounced guilty and was to receive his death sentence in thirty days. Those thirty days would be gone to-morrow at high noon.

Many things had presented themselves to Dave's mind during the last few weeks. He thought of his home in Maine, which he had left two years before. He had gone back once afterwards when his mother died. He remembered little of his father for he had gone out of life many years ago when Dave was a youngster in knickerbockers. The old home-place was sold after his mother's death, for Dave was the last of the line of Addisons and, since his work called him elsewhere, he could not keep the estate.

No one would miss him when he was gone. The world would go on just the same without him. Dave wondered about the man whose secret he had promised to keep. Where was he now? Did he ever think of his old-time friend? Dave remembered his impulsive ways, his hot temper, as if it had been only yesterday since they had studied and worked together.

His reverie was broken by the grating of the cell-door, and the guard pushed in a tray on the floor. Dave picked it up mechanically and slowly began his simple supper.

After he had finished his meager repast he pushed the tray up to the bars and took out his little New Testament that his mother had given him years before. He turned the thin, worn pages listlessly until his eye caught the words: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love." Dave's eyes glistened with tears and he pressed his lips in a firm line. So somebody loved him! He was not alone! And running his finger quickly down the page he found these words: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

At this Dave knelt at the side of his cot and prayed as he had never prayed before. He did not know how long he remained in that position, but when he came to his senses, the sun was sending its first beams of rosy light through the little barred window above his head.

Dave rose to his feet and stiffly walked over to the window and leaned against the wall beneath it. He then brought to view a large gold locket and held it up near the window. He opened it and gazed long at the picture it contained. It was of his mother at the age of eighteen, the year in which she was married to his father. Her hair was dressed in the fashion of fifty years ago with the thick brown curls arranged loosely over her shoulder. Her eyes were like Dave's, large and brown. Her mouth had the same suggestion of firmness as her son's. Her chin rested in her long slender hands. Dave distinctly remembered those hands. He had watched them sew many a button on his little jackets and trousers. They used to tuck the covers around him and pat his cheek when she kissed him goodnight.

The weary hours dragged to twelve. Dave almost counted the minutes. Two hours now. Then an hour and a half. Then sixty minutes. Oh! why didn't that watch hurry, so it could all be over? Half an hour!

The cell-door clicked and grated on its rusty hinges as the turnkey unlocked it and entered.

"It's about time!" he said, gruffly. "Follow me."

Dave got up stiffly and followed him. The turnkey led him down through the long narrow corridors and as they passed the cells, Dave caught glimpses of faces peering at him. And oh! such faces! Young, middle-aged, and old. Faces full of misery and longing. Some full of distress and hopelessness. The expressions seemed to sear through Dave's mind and heart as he followed the turnkey. The words: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love," seemed burned into his brain and they rang continually in his ears. And then they were always followed by, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend!"

They finally entered a long room in which a tall, dark-featured man sat at a desk. Dave glanced at the clock on the wall—fifteen minutes yet!

"David Addison!" the turnkey announced, "Sentenced to death at high noon. Pronounced guilty of murder."

The man at the desk looked piercingly at Dave and began to run through a file on his desk. Finally he found what he

wanted and turned to the turnkey. "David Addison!" he said musingly. "Is he ready to ——?" He was interrupted by the telephone on his desk jingling noisily.

"Hello—hello!" he growled as he took down the receiver. "What's that? Oh—yes! All right—I understand."

Turning to Dave he said briskly, "Your sentence has been called off. A confession has just been received from a man by the name of Jeff Turner who was injured and taken to St. John's hospital. He has just died; but before the end he confessed to having been the murderer of the man whose life you were accused of taking. He did the deed in self-defense. My good man, you are free! Please accept my congratulations!"

—Doris Wogaman.

The Lass o' Dunkerdeen

I WILL tell you the story just as old Tammas, the fisherman, told it to me.

During a heavy sea, our boat, bound for Liverpool, lay along the coast of Abermuir for repairs; and, as I walked along the deserted shore, I came upon an old, old fisher, sitting among his nets. His eyes wore a curious, far away expression, as he gazed out over the thundering waves, and, as I was eager for diversion during the tedious delay, I begged him to tell me of what he was thinking.

"Weel, miss," he drawled slowly, shifting his gaze, "yon heavy sea, and ye a standing here, make me think o' the time when the bonniest lassie as ever lived in Dunkerdeen was roamin' these lonesome shores."

I scented a pleasant half hour. "Tell me!" I entreated. "I would so love to hear about her! Was she very beautiful?"

"Beautiful? Ay, and good, if ever lassie was! I'll e'en tell ye how it came aboot." And so saying, he shifted his great pipe and began.

"Weel, 'twas mony a year gone, back in '76. The lassie hersel' was the bonniest as ever was i' the whole village. Her name was Jeannie. The laddies were a' nigh wild aboot her, but she dinna pay them heed. That is, a' but one. She seemed a' most undecided whether she wad ha'e him or nae. Her feyther owned and manned a schooner, and oft she'd go out o' evenin's wi' him, her wee bonnet tied good and fast beneath her chin. For 'twad be ever thus: so sure as she'd go oot wi' her feyther, just so sure wad the wind blow, and the waves dash, and they'd e'en hae to turn and coom back. 'Twad seem as though old Davy Jones war jealous o' her bonnie face, and couldna e'en bear it, to ha'e the earth hold sic a wonder. And when she'd stand o' the pier 'twad seem the waves wad coom a-creepin' to carry her awa'.

"At last there came the day when she'd made up her mind to marry the laddie as had been payin' court for the last twa year. The day was set for the weddin', and nigh the whole village was bid to coom and make merry. There was to be muckle feastin' and dancin' and mony a frock did bonnie Jeannie make wi' her own wee han'. Then came the day. All arternoon the wind rose and howled through the rocks, and by nicht, when the weddin' was to take place, the sea was crashin' over the cliffs. Nae moon or star was shinin', and a' was black as pitch. When the dancin' was at its greatest, in rushed a mon screamin' that a boat was on the rocks.

"'She's a schooner, and she's foundered on Devil's rock! The boats! The boats!'

"The laddies shouted and broke awa', makin' for the boats. When they drew nigh the shore they stopped, and looked at one anither.

"'We canna go out. The sea is too thunderin'. Our boats will be smashed.' Ay, and it seemed they were richt. The sea was heavier than e'er I'd seen it.

"Suddenly the bridegroom cam' a runnin' to the shore (for he was master o' the life boats), wi' his bonnie bride a hangin' frightened-like to his arm. I heard him a tellin' her he maun go, 'twas his duty, and a' the time she clung to his arm, beggin' him nae to leave her, or she wad dee. But he dinna daur listen, for the waves were gettin' worse, and he could see the ship rockin' and beatin' on the rocks and her mast a splinterin', so he broke awa' and sprang into the boat.

"An' then, afore he knew it, there she was beside him, never movin' an inch, and refusin' to be led to safety. And all the crowd thegither couldna drag her awa'. So they had to leave her go, or she wad ha'e cast hersel' into the sea.

"And now the boat shot out on a great wave, and rose and fell like a cork o' the surface. And some say as how he wad ha'e reached the ship then, wi' his line, but, of a sudden, there cam' a great, great curly wave, and plucked Jeannie off the seat straight into the water. She screamed and her husband saw her joost the once, and e'en then so far awa' he couldna coom to her. He was nigh gone wild, and would ha'e cast himsel' in, too, but that he remembered the sinkin' ship, and, with courage born o' despair, made for the wreck. At last he reached her and made fast the rope, and all came in to safety.

"But the bridegroom could smile nae mair. Wi' in a month he died o' sorrow.

"And e'en now, when the wind howls through the rocks, wi' a maurnfu' wailin' sound, some folk say 'tis Jeannie a moanin' still for her bridegroom. And when the thunder claps and rolls o' nichts, they say 'tis Davy Jones a beatin' her, cause she winna be quiet, and she a' the time a sobbin' and a sobbin' thru the nicht. But mysel'—'tis a' so unco, I canna seem to ken whether or nae 'tis so—. Nay, — I canna ken—."

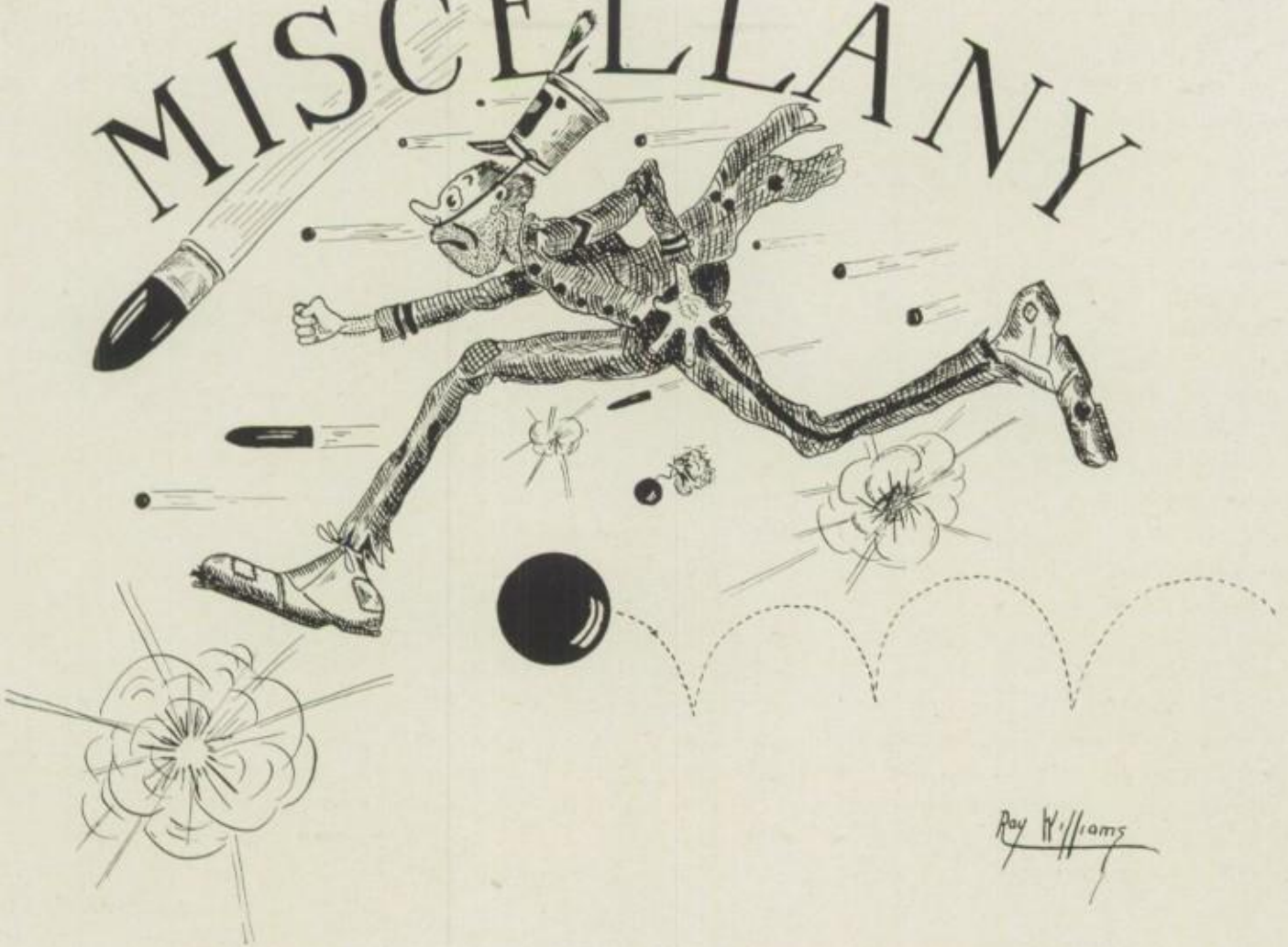
"Who-o-o-o-oh!!"

I jumped. It was our boat whistling, preparatory to starting. The sea had calmed, and the clouds were fast melting away. But the blue eyes of the strange old fisherman still had the sad, far-away expression within them, and I knew he was living again those long-gone days.

And so, still thinking of the bonniest lassie of Dunkerdeen, I rose and softly stole away.

MILDRED NUSBAUM, '17.

MISCELLANY



The turning class "wimen".
No tress passing.
Good morning.
Track.
Track.
The Cave Man.
Charge of the light brigade.
And nowhere to go.
What's the idea?
Road closed.
Peek-a-boo.

After Waynetown was defeated
The Wonder-worker.
The day after the night before
Thinking of ???
At Waynetown.
The raw extractor.
All good children go to heaven.

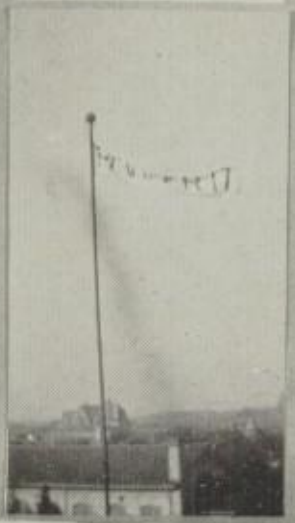
There you are, Byron.
Could be better.
BEFORE.
AFTER.
We got there.
Red-hot Rooters.
Helen.
1919
Juanita.
Pavilion Flunky.
SOME SENIOR TROPHIES.
A Favorite.

This year's Carpentry Class.

Can it be beat? NO!!!!

Some-one is home.

Come on along.



STAYED UP THE LONGEST.

This is the life.

Last year's Carpentry Class.

Richmond on a busy day.

She runned away.
Just the beginning.
Steam-boat in action.
"Tis Lizzie".
School days.
FAKE.
There you are.
1-2-3-4-?.
To the tournament.

!-?X&/@(!*#?!

Married Life.

Naughty-Naughty.

Aw! Come on.

And bottle washer.

Capt. Bus and his team.

For we are jolly good fellows.

Whose hand on the left?

Some form!
A-la-Rough.
Maw and Paw.
All aboard.
Stogie Davis.
Man or beast?
Ye Gods!!!
Tipperary.
Going up?
Sleeping beauty???

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

Monday, 11. Back to the "prison."
Friday, 15. Yes, those funny looking, verdant things, running around the halls, were Freshmen.
Wednesday, 20. The Forensic Club, otherwise known as the "Squabblers," organized and planned to do great things during the coming year.

The Pedestrian Club Gets Ready

Tuesday, 21. The Pedestrian Club, the aspirants of the heel and toe art, held their first meeting.
Friday, 22. The Juniors tried to put balloons up in chapel, but not enough hot air in class to float them.
Monday, 25. First edition of the R. H. S. Register. Mr. Null said paper would always be out on time. (???)
Tuesday, 26. Senior class organized, choosing "Bus" Parker as president. Class surpassed all former Senior classes in ability as well as size.
Friday, 29. New cases began to appear with a few left over from last year.

OCTOBER

Monday, 2. Meeting of the basket-ball "hopes" held.
Wednesday, 4. The Junior class organized, using Terre Haute tactics, and succeeded in electing Ralph Price, president.

The Test of The Basketball "Hopes"

Thursday, 5. Senior flag up longest time since 1907. Scrap on roof at noon when Seniors bravely defended it against lower classmen. Seniors stayed up half the night to guard the flag; Juniors stayed up the other half and got it.
Friday, 6. Juniors tried a comeback in chapel by putting up a flag and balloons. R. H. S. tennis team won from Anderson.

HUMAN LOCKERS DISCOVERED IN ALLEY BACK OF CHURCH

Tuesday, 10. Some lockers were missing from the school building. After a thorough search they were found in the alley behind the St. Mary's church, where some stalwarts had carried them.
Wednesday, 11. Juniors chose red and blue as their colors, for they said they would show up well on the slate roof.

Friday, 13. Senior "Big Do." Bill Keys held prayer meeting under an auto, and then took the straight and narrow path.

How Loath We Were To Go To School Centennial Week!

Monday, 16. School thin this week on account of Centennial. Everyone was running around with head in air looking for the aeroplane.

When The Girl's Lockers Were Raided

Wednesday, 18. Girls' lockers raided and a bunch of notes, powder puffs, and some candy swiped.

Tuesday, 24. Announcement that The Register would be out a little late. "No, it will not be late again."

NOVEMBER

Wednesday, 1. Athletic Association organized to take care of school's athletic activities. "Hobo" Norris, our national guardsman, was elected president.

Friday, 3. Basket-ball season opened with a victory over Spiceland. Our boys were dolled up in their new suits.

Tuesday, 3. Writers' Club organized.

Friday, 10. Another basket-ball victory, this time Anderson the victim. The Junior boys appeared "A la Rough Neck" in blue flannel shirts with red 1918 across front.

A JUNIOR "A-LA-ROUGHNECK"

Tuesday, 14. No, that wasn't a cat fight, but the Glee Club practicing.

Thursday, 16. Meeting of the Pierian Staff held.

Friday, 17. R. H. S. went to Muncie full of fire and ginger, but came back looking like the last rose of summer. R. H. S. 11; Muncie 35.

WHO SAID LES. LEITER COULDN'T EAT.

Wednesday, 22. Dramatic Society spread. Everyone had a good time, especially Lester Leiter, who had three dishes of ice cream.

Friday, 24. Another victory for R. H. S. in the game with Rushville.

Tuesday, 28. Everyone getting ready to beat New Castle.

DECEMBER

Friday, 1. Started new month right by beating New Castle. Big parade and bonfires.

Wednesday, 6. Dramatic Society meeting. Mr. Null gave a talk on "Voice Culture."

Friday, 8. Hagerstown's scalp added to Richmond High's collection.

Friday, 15. Debating team chosen, consisting of Tietz, Rost, and Haberkern. They are small to be sure, but mighty.

Monday, 18. Most of the fellows were seen stopping and looking in jewelry stores or candy shop windows.

Thursday, 21. Senior party. Big time. Keith's Vaudeville entertained, much to disgust of audience.

Friday, 22. Last school day in the year. Vacation began.

JANUARY

Wednesday, 3. Back again with an assortment of lavallieres, flashy ties, and flat pocket-books.

Friday, 5. Stivers defeated R. H. S. 42-38. "Bus" Parker fell for some of the good looking girls in Dayton.

The school was in mourning over the death of Mr. E. R. Helman, the much respected teacher of our commercial department.

Monday, 8. Edmund Sudhoff, a Senior, received an appointment to Annapolis.

Wednesday, 17. Pedestrian Club spread. Girls only, but they said they had a good time.

Friday, 19. Old enemy, New Castle, was defeated 45-12.

Wednesday, 24. Race track day. Oh, did you see Ben Rost? Well you could hardly miss him with that white vest, stand-up collar, green bow necktie, etc.

Friday, 26. End of first semester.

FEBRUARY

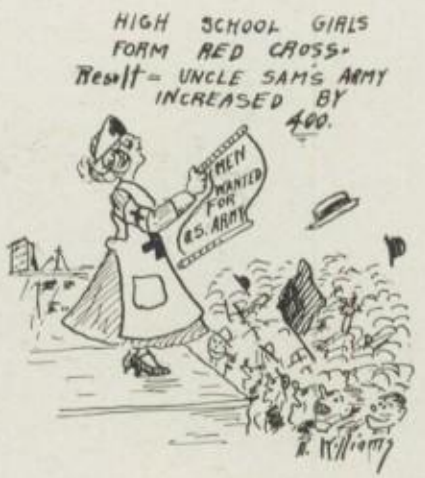
Friday, 2. All Seniors stood up and gave seats to Freshmen. (??)

Monday, 5. Senior meeting held. All Seniors given orders to hand in snaps of their mugs before March, in order to brighten the Pierian. (??)

Wednesday, 7. Bill Ferguson was seen in a serious conversation with one of the fair R. H. S. females.

Friday, 9. Register out. Everybody glad. Staff wipes perspiration from weary brow.

Tuesday, 13. R. H. S. girls formed a Red Cross Society. Our chance at last, boys.



Thursday, 15. Helen Johnson came to school with her hair up. A certain party remarked that she looked at least twelve now.

Thursday, 22. Bob Clark celebrated and got a hair cut. The children did their exercise nicely in chapel. Whoever seated the speakers got Gurney in the wrong place.

Friday, 23. G. A. A. party was a grand success.

Tuesday, 27. High cost of living evident in lunch room. Helen Geers paid forty cents for her lunch.

MARCH

Friday, 2. R. H. S. put Muncie on the rack.

Monday, 5. I. J. Gardner is said to have said that the reason he didn't go out with the '16 class was because he wanted to honor the '17 class.

Thursday, 8. It was announced that school would begin at 7:50 the next morning. Why not run an all night session?

Friday, 9. Everybody yawning. The library became a sleeping room, instead of a study hall.

Monday, 12. Many fellows absent from school. They were rendering first aid at the New Castle ruins.

Wednesday, 14. It seemed the new system of grading was for the benefit of the teachers only.

Friday, 16. R. H. S. honored in chapel by the bankers of Richmond. Everyone started saving his pennies.

Monday, 19. Spring, spring, beautiful spring. An inspiration for work. (???)

Wednesday, 21. Dramatic Society had small attendance. The call of spring was too great.

Friday, 23. Gloomy day. No chapel. Everybody had the blues.

Monday, 26. Seniors had meeting to decide about class play. "Hobo" presided—a most dignified president. (???)

Thursday, 29. Our old friend Bob Phillips, of the '16 class, visited us. We were reminded of the times when we used to see Bob traverse our halls with a fair damsel by his side.

APRIL

Monday, 2. Coach for Senior play arrived. Everybody enjoyed being made a fool of.

Wednesday, 4. Ivan J. said he was going to have his picture taken for the Pierian. Woe to the camera.

Friday, 6. The front row in chapel was illuminated (??) by a member of the '16 class.

Tuesday, 10. Mr. Wissler certainly did find some of the members of his fifth hour class in peculiar places.

Monday, 16. Everybody enjoyed the exam. (??)

Tuesday, 17. Rehearsal was held for the Dramatic Society play. Quite a lot of shyness was revealed.

Friday, 20. Employment bureau organized in R. H. S. It would have been much more profitable to have established a matrimonial bureau.

Tuesday, 24. Some of the Dramatic Society girls made themselves very conspicuous, and revealed their experience by showing "Inez" and "Peter" how to do the last act.

Wednesday, 25. Dramatic Society spread. O how those boys did wash dishes!

Saturday, 28. Dayton High School didn't "Steele" any thing on R. H. S. in the track meet.

MAY

Wednesday, 2. New time schedule in force. Everybody was yawning. This is the life. (??) Senior camp supper was a great success.

Friday, 4. Everyone enjoyed the extemporaneous speaking contest. Julius Tietz's name will look well on the cup.

Tuesday, 8. Everybody piled to the train to see Marshal Joffre. School was out early. Well that is some good the allies did for R. H. S.

Saturday, 12. Tri-state meet held at Oxford. R. H. S. shone as usual.

Wednesday, 16. Spring fever held us in its grasp. We simply couldn't study on such a day.

Monday, 21. Only two more weeks of "prison" life.

Friday, 25. Senior work ends. A week to rest before graduation.

Thursday, 31. Senior play, "The Melting Pot."

JUNE

Friday, 1. School ended. May you enjoy your vacation.

THE R. H. S. REGISTER

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

HI-Y CLUB PLANS HIKE FOR NEXT MONDAY EVENING

President Kelly, of Earlham, Gives Inspiring Talk To Members

BANQUEST FOR LADIES TO BE GIVEN SOON

SENIORS CHOOSE PLAY AND MEET WITH COACH BERIAULT

Will Present "The Melting Pot" This Year

SENIORS WILL HAVE COMPLETE CHARGE OF COMMENCEMENT

WILLIAMS ORCHESTRA PLEASES IN CONCERT AT FAIRVIEW CHURCH

OFFERING PLEASES LARGE AUDIENCE

Production Far Exceeds All Previous Attempt Made By Club

THE ENTIRE CAST DESERVED GREAT CREDIT

THE R. H. S. REGISTER
RICHMOND, INDIANA

Chapels

THE chapels for 1916-17 have offered a greater variety than those of any previous time. In making them surpass all others, dramatics, athletics, music, and debating have been employed. Under the direction of Mr. Sloane, the High School Orchestra has always been in its place with a rollicking march to welcome the student body and another to speed it in departing. The orchestra is an organization of which the High School is justly proud and which accomplishes much in improving the musical appreciation of Richmond's future citizens. Several beautiful instrumental solos were rendered by orchestra members during the year, and Mr. Otto Hackman, the future John McCormack, on two occasions made the auditorium ring with his melodious notes.

Food for the brain was generously donated by the debating team; and Tietz, one memorable Friday morning, honored his fellow students with that eloquent masterpiece on military training, which won second place in the State Discussion Contest at Bloomington.

Jovial "Hobo," now a soldier bold and brave, strode the platform on two never-to-be-forgotten chapel days, and, acting in the capacity of A. A. president, spurred the students on to boost the team,—not mentioning the time he good-naturedly condescended to bear the brunt of a mock trial in which the austere and eloquent lawyer, Tietz, pronounced him mentally lacking with "bats in his belfry."

With Miss Finfrock coaching, the Dramatic Society staged Zona Gale's, "The Neighbors," for the enjoyment of the whole school, and showed the progress the society is annually making.

Though the talent in the school was sufficient to furnish the chapels for the year, the record would not seem complete without some of our esteemed citizens, who each year honor us with some of their learning gained from experience. An "occasional" from Principal Pickell has always proved essential to keep us in the "middle of the road."

Twice, Dr. Rae, with his magnetic personality, has inspired us to greater things.

Just when the student body was forgetting the existence of everything save R. H. S. and basket-ball, Mr. Dahlwani, a native of India, acting in the capacity of fourth dimension, came striding over the horizon and gave the school a prod in the form of a talk on India, in which he picturesquely told of the Indian customs and relics, also teaching some very noisy soup-eating etiquette in which fingers are substituted for spoons. Several aspiring hopefuls admitted that they had to take their hats off to Mr. Dahlwani after many futile attempts trying to make a turban from a piece 35 x 6 feet as he did.

During the Centennial celebration the Hon. William Dudley Foulke delivered a speech before the high school on our home state and read a stirring poem, "Indiana," of which he was the author.

The girls were forgotten when the bankers of the city presented every boy with a copy of "Association Men."

The most touching and the most thrilling feature of the year has been the display of patriotism. Many of the high school boys have gone and others are going, and no student of this year will ever forget the patriotic numbers by the orchestra, the flag raising, or the times that the school, rising as one, made the hall tremble with the beautiful words of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Patriotism in R. H. S.

When the Congress of the United States declared that a state of war existed between the United States and Germany,—between the exponent and defender of human rights and liberties on the one hand and autocracy and blind militarism on the other,—this great nation arose as one man and responded with an outburst of patriotism that swept the country, East, West, North, and South. We became in one moment a united nation, forgetting all political and sectional differences and pledging our unstinted loyalty to our government and our national ideals, for the cause of which our President had plead with the Imperial German Government with the utmost patience and fortitude.

The response from all sides was instantaneous and wholehearted. And it is with pleasure that I look back to the days of the past few weeks and note the attitude of our student body toward the grim facts of war, and the part they have taken in response to the challenge to the patriotism of all true Americans.

What could have been more appropriate than unfurling Old Glory over our building with appropriate and impressive exercises at the moment we were confronted with this crisis? How deeply significant was our effort to have each student learn the Oath of Allegiance! And our singing of the Star Spangled Banner during auditorium exercises! All these things fired us with a love of country that soon found expression in that form of patriotism which strikes deeper than mere show, or word of mouth; namely, service for one's country.

Several of our boys have joined the armed forces of the United States in one branch or another. The girls have taken up seriously the work of the Red Cross and they are doing heroic service. Our boys are going now upon the farms of this vicinity in response to the Proclamation addressed to the American People by President Wilson on April 15th. And not a single organization in the City of Richmond was so well represented in the great patriotic parade as the Public Schools, but particularly the High School. Nearly five hundred pupils of the High School took part in that parade.

While we are proud of this record, we do not boast about it. Patriotism is essentially not a thing to boast about. It is our duty and likewise our opportunity now, as it always is, to be patriotic. I have no doubt that we shall be called upon to render far greater service as an organized institution in the days to come, and I have abundant reason to feel that we shall fully and cheerfully meet our just obligations to our own beloved country.

Just as this article goes to press, it is my great pleasure to record the significant action of our student body in assuming the care of one or two (probably the latter) French Orphans.

FRANK G. PICKELL,
Principal High School.

ROLL OF HONOR

Charles Chapel, '18.
Lester Beach, '19.
Howard Webb, '17.
Harold Norris, '17.
David Hoover, '17.
Wilbur Morel, '17.

Among the alumni who have gone are:

Robert Sharpe, '15.
George Stidham, '15.

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TALBERT JESSUP, *Advertising Manager*

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Just the thing for the young lady who has been wearing the low, flat heel and don't want to go to the extreme French heel.

WHITE OR GRAY FABRIC BOOTS, $2.50 to $4.50
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Other colors and combinations of colors from which to make your selection in both High and Low Heels. Pumps and Oxfords for special occasions and street wear.

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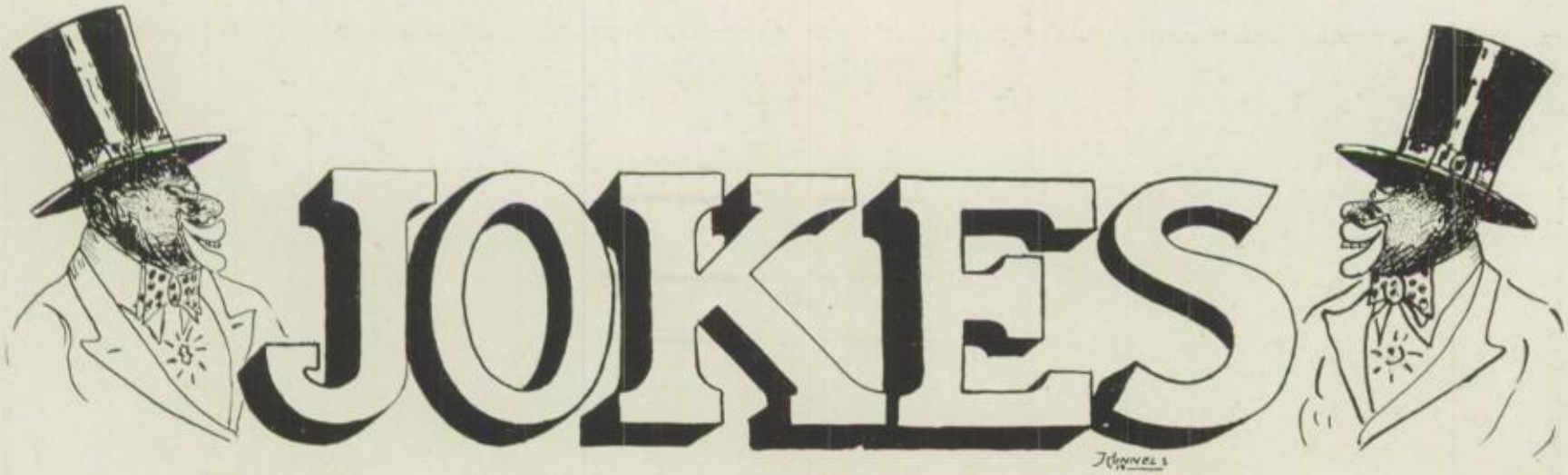

Miss Whitacre—Ralph, how many meters are there in a rod?
Ralph Hart—Well, you could meet her quite a few times in a rod.

Miss Broaddus (in English)—What book did Stevenson write on his death-bed?
Wib Morell—His last one, I suppose.

'Tis understood that if war comes, Ray Williams will go to the Border.

Could you imagine:
Sarah Shute with a straight face?
Miss Broaddus chewing gum?
C. Smith with his hair combed?
Ray Williams looking serious?
Sterling Reid with his lessons?
Julius Tietz not talking?
Miss Finfrock with war paint on?
William Simmons quiet?
Ben Harris when not Electa'd to something?
Cedric J. without Fay Schmidt?

L. Orange Lemon—They churned the cow and milked the butter.

For Sale—Patent billet-doux sender. Sends notes C. O. D. Prices announced in the dark with a smack.

For Sale—Latest book containing full information on how to bluff Miss Fox.

Lost—A Caesar. Please do not return before class period. Return to most any Junior.

To Let—Unfurnished rooms in my Bean Apartments. Have never been occupied. Address Luther Orange.

For Rent—One wide-spread grin. Guaranteed not to come off in a year. Exhibited by "Fatty" in R. H. S.

Wanted—Position as beau. Most anybody, just so her name begins with M. Phone Merle DeWees.

Dolly (finishing a story in English class)—And he went to sea.
Ben Harris—To see what?

MEN'S TOGS MEN'S TOGS MEN'S TOGS

MEN'S TOGS MEN'S TOGS

It's in Vogue if it's from

"THE VOGUE"

THE VOGUE 923 MAIN ST.

MEN'S TOGS MEN'S TOGS MEN'S TOGS

MEN'S TOGS MEN'S TOGS MEN'S TOGS

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ICE CREAM AND CANDIES

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YOUR EDUCATION

has been sadly neglected if you are not "up" on the superior qualities of Society Brand Kuppenheimer and Frat Clothes.

CLASSY CLOTHES for CLASSY FELLOWS

KRONE & KENNEDY
803 MAIN ST.

THE GEO. BREHM CO.

COMPLETE LINES

Base Ball, Tennis, Track,
Basket Ball and Golf Supplies

Lost—Strayed—or Stolen

Carleton Smith's comb which he uses every morning. (??)
Paul Brower's date book which he uses so often. (??)
Helen Johnson's curl; last seen in the hands of Gurney Stidham during Dramatic Society Play.
Helen Hockett's legs-, back-, side-, and head-ache acquired in "Neighbors."
Amy Fitzpatrick's loose-leaf note-book, namely her brains.

The Loyal Order of King Fishers

Helen Edgerton, President.
Ruth Horr, Vice-President.
Esther Hamilton, Secretary.
(No Treasurer.)
Julia Stevenson, Assistant to all three.
Our Slogan—There's better fish than what's been caught.
New members welcome.

Curls

Once there was a blue-eyed Girl,
Who liked to go to school.
She read notes in English class,
Which was against the rule.

There is a certain "Hobe" in R. H. S.,
Who likes all of the girls.
This little girl we speak of,
This certain guy calls "Curls."

Every time she says New Castle,
We all just want to howl,
Of course the town of New Castle,
Brings memories of "Hank" Powell.

In Girls' Gym Class

Teacher—It has recently been found that the human body contains sulphur.
Student—Sulphur! How much sulphur is there in a girl's body?
Teacher—O the amount varies according to the girl.
Student—Then that is the reason why some girls make better matches than others.

Mr. Whisnand—Paul, what is the militia?
Paul—It is a sort of an army.
Mr. Whisnand—Who belongs to this sort of an army?
Paul—"Hobo" Norris.

If looks could bore, wouldn't the clock be full of holes about five minutes before twelve and three thirty-five?

Bill Dunn—What does "Chicanery" mean?
Bob Watt—A place where they can chickens, of course.

DO YOU KNOW

that most of our customers are numbered among the representative people of this community?

A glance through our store will show you why.

THIS together with our desire to serve you better should interest you.

COME IN—YOU'RE WELCOME ALWAYS

EVERYTHING IN HOME FURNISHINGS

SHOP AT ROMEY'S

NINTH AND MAIN STS.

FINNEY'S

THE HOME OF

Home Cooking, Ice Cream *and* Candies

1866 1917

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

We are pleased to be represented in your School Annual

Our line of business is well known to this community, and we appreciate the general and generous patronage which we have enjoyed for a period of more than fifty years.

THE GEO. H. KNOLLENBERG CO.

C. Haner has the independent streak in her. We're for you, Haner, but we feel sorry for Eno.

Helen E.—Have you seen my ruler?
Hazel R.—Yes, he just went down the hall.

Byron Wilson is getting somewhat "Wickett" here lately. He has been taking girls automobile riding. How about it Juanita?

Keystone (at P. C. Feed)—O girls. I'm full clear up to my chin.
Irene—Better fill up your head while you're at it, Mabel.

Camilla has her Eno O'Neil,
Whose fleece, it curls just so;
And everywhere that Haner goes
Eno goes too, you know.

Seniors fly a flag,
Juniors try to bag;
Flag is tightly hung,
Juniors badly stung.

Who won the tournament?
We, said spokesman Tal;
With our little ball,
We won the tournament.

Who cheered the team on?
We, yelled the crowd
In a voice very loud;
We cheered the team on.

Hackman—Place a circle around every character that has been left out.

Cedric Johnson and Fay Schmidt seem to be in the side-lights of matrimony.

MC Bride
SHelton
PArker
SiMmons
JessuP
DollIns
O'Neil
VaN Allen
GrimeS

Lester L.—Every time I get a hair-cut I feel Leiter.

Mr. Sipple (in Trig.)—Who has a ruler?
Sister Krick—Germany.

Miss Nolte (translating German)—Do you consider women?
Gurney Stidham (shyly)—Yes.

Miss Smelser—In Roman times women were not supposed to be very bright.
Ralph B. (our conceited cynic)—They haven't changed much.

Mr. Sipple—Take to the top of Page 92, or if that is too much, to the bottom of Page 91.

Bill Simmons (in geometry)—A diagonal is a line that runs to a corner of a parallelogram.

1865 1917

PRICE'S

For 52 years we have served the community with the Best Ice Cream and Candies

NUSBAUM'S

"THE STORE OF BETTER VALUES"

Always ready to serve you with a complete stock of

DRY GOODS, READY-TO-WEAR MILLINERY, NOTIONS AND MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Lee B. Nusbaum Co.

"JUST MY STYLE"

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Us
For
A
Sitting

——That's what they say about the graduation photographs we are making at our studio. So much appreciated in after years.

A. L. BUNDY *722 Main Street*

Miss King—O what a good looking tan horse!

Mr. Wissler—Emma, will you discuss the first battle of the Civil War?
Emma—The battle of Bay Rum was—

Miss E. Bond—Now, a good way to cultivate a good memory is to pass by a store and then try to remember everything in the window.
Stella Knode—How can you when you pass by Woolworth's?

June R. (entertaining Latin room)—This smells like a dead language.

Mr. Kelly (showing magnetized iron filings moving)—This is such a military age that even the iron filings are drilling.

O here's to our basket-ball center!
Nine 'rahs as loud as you can;
For "Bus" is not only a player,
He's a gentleman and man.

HOBE

There's a cheery note that's missing
From the hum of Richmond High;
It's a roistering laugh and a happy smile
With a merry twinkling eye.

O yes, it's Hobe that we're meaning,
And there's one thing surely true;
In the camp where Hobe is busy
They'll never be feeling blue.

Miss King—Nellie, what are the principles in cooking dried apples?
Nellie H. (fresh from Red Cross)—Give them plenty of water to revive them—

Miss Knollenberg to Sarah S.—Now Sarah you are very rude. I'm going to undertake to give you a spanking if you don't behave.

M. V. S.—You were looking at a girl with a rapt expression.
Lester L.—It must have been Elizabeth if I looked like that.

Mr. Edwards (holding up a bottle)—This is sublimed iodine.
Sarah S.—You needn't get so poetical about such stuff as that.

Howard W.—Gurney, what makes your eye so red?
Gurney S.—A red hair got in my eye last night and I guess it must have faded.

June R. (at Red Cross)—When your ribs are broken and you have a many tailed bandage, do you use as many tails as you have ribs?

Carleton Smith—It's not what you steal, but stealing itself that is a vice. Now what's the difference between stealing a penny and a dollar?
Class (spontaneously)—Ninety-nine cents.

Mr. Edwards—Margaret, what is the foundation of copper sulphide?
Margaret V. S.—Cu+S equals CuS(s).

Flowers

FRESH FLOWERS absolutely guaranteed. Quality, punctuality, and careful attention to every detail, are features of our service to EVERY PATRON

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Members of the Florist's Telegraph Delivery, insuring prompt deliveries of Fresh Flowers anywhere in the United States.

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Means Classy, Nifty and Serviceable Shoes.
If it's in style you can depend on finding it at our Shop. Let us show you.

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The Starr Gamma

IS OUR LATEST MODEL IN THE

Starr

WE HAVE IT ON OUR FLOOR NOW

The Starr Piano Co.
Tenth and Main Streets

Success

Success is not a question of age. You may be old or young. It is only a matter of seeing your opportunity and being ready for it.

Money is necessary and the surest plan for having the money is a Savings Account in the First National Bank, Seventh and Main Sts.

Your funds are safe.
They grow with interest at 3%.
Why not open your account at once—one dollar will do it.

First National Bank
Seventh and Main Streets

Mr. Edwards—What is the source of diamonds?
Electa Foster—Well, if no one gives you one, you can buy one.

Miss Smelser (explaining partitive genetive)—He is a man of six feet.

Mr. Whisnand—I hear your wife is getting to be some politician?
Mr. Wissler—Well, she ought to be. She has been speaker of the house ever since we were married.

In Miss Nolte's room, temperature zero:
H. K.—Are you cold, Juanita?
J. W.—About froze.
H. K.—Come over and sit with me then.
Later:
H. K.—Still cold, Juanita?
J. W.—O Harold, I shall be cold forever.

A BRAZIL WARRIOR

Love and porous plaster, sure,
Are very much alike;
It's easy getting into one,
But getting out—good night!

Our Coyle Bird.

Clarence had a little whistle
And brought it into history class
He blew his little whistle
And everybody laughed.

Mr. Wissler looked in his direction,
But never said a word,
And Clarence was so innocent
He thought it was a bird.

HOW H.S. STUDENTS APPEARED TO LOUY GERTSON.

HAGERSTOWN THE KING?

E. F.—I hear that nitrates are higher.
Ben H.—What do we care? We never telegraph anyway.

Mildred Hartman (in letter)—Ben, you had better come to Wittenberg next year.
Ben (in answering)—I'm afraid I can't make Wittenberg next year. An Electro-magnet is holding me in Richmond.

At last Carleton has fallen for a fair young Sophomore at Earlham.

Bill F.—Well, Clara, your brother has just married my sister. Won't you marry me?
Clara G.—Well, I do feel like it.

L. L.—Mother says I can't have any more dates on Sunday nights until after the Senior Play, but then I can take her home on practice nights anyway.

The Success of the Pierian

is in no small measure due to the

Quality of Stafford Engravings and the character of Stafford Co-operation

In making this statement, we have no desire to take any credit from the editorial staff—in fact we feel that it is all the more to their credit that they realized the superior quality of Stafford engravings and that they so thoroughly appreciated the value of Stafford co-operation.

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Mildred Hartman (in letter)—I'm up so late all the time that I'm losing just tons of weight every week.

Mary W.—Say Vera, did you know I got a hundred on two tests?
Vera—Honestly?
Mary—Yes, 30 on one and 70 on the other.

Why is a Pierian like a girl?
Because every fellow should have his own and not borrow the other fellows.

Freshie (seeing Senior with two girls)—Gee, but you're prosperous!
Senior—Cheer up, your time's coming.

Teacher—Who wrote Oliver Twist?
Pupil—Why—a—David Copperfield.

L. R.—What's the matter with Mary Nicholson?
C. T.—Why she has the penitentiary, I think.

Helen J.—Why is Wilson going to send the criminals and actors to war FIRST?
Elizabeth T.—I don't know. Why?
H. J.—He wants to display the stars and stripes.

Neva B.—(the night all the lights went out in the city)—Gee, Helen, don't you wish we had dates?

S. K.—(at the Tournament)—Oh, dear! we'll have to play LIBERTY.
L. M.—You don't think they'll beat us, do you?
S. K.—(almost crying)—Oh, yes, I'm afraid they will, but I'm not going to cry.

Mr. Null—Clarence, give an exclamation.
C. C.—Hurrah, I'm going to Bloomington!
Mr. Null—All right. Now, Harold, you give one.
Hobe—Doggone, I can't go.

Miss Knollenberg—Heinrich, haben Sie eine Frage?
H. B.—No, I just wanted to ask a question.

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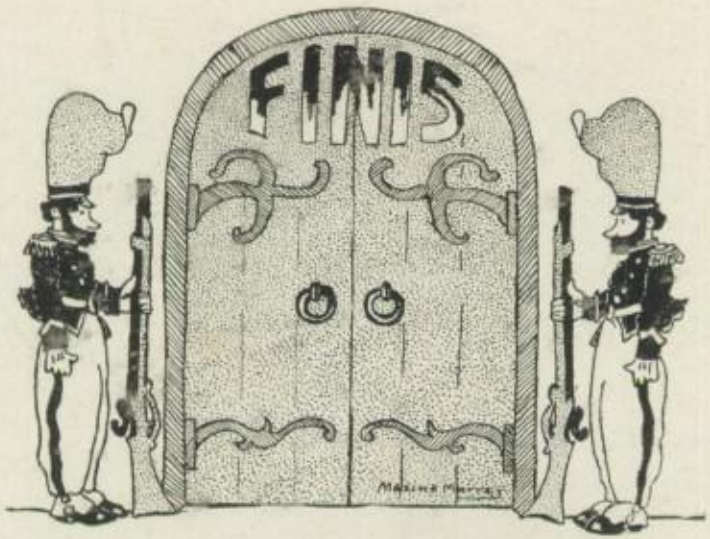
TENTH AND MAIN



RICHMOND HIGH SCHOOL R 1917.